From Lady Gordon
to her Dear Niece
Jemima Elizabeth Kinleside

THE

SCHOOL

FOR

CHILDREN.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn

THE

SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN;

OR,

A SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

TALES:

Proper to form the Heart of Infancy to the Hatred of Vice, and the Love of Virtue.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOMBARD DE LANGRES.

INTERSPERSED WITH POETICAL PIECES,

Written by the Tranſlator,

MISS STOCKDALE,

AUTHOR OF THE EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART, POEMS;

And Tranſlator of

THE CHILDREN'S JOURNAL.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in them."

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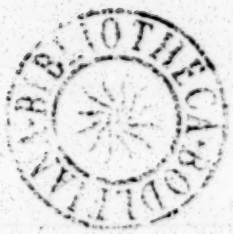
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THE

TRANSLATOR's ADDRESS

TO PARENTS.

MANY parents think, when they have provided their children with neceſſaries, and given them an education ſuitable to their rank in life, they have fulfilled their duties. This is laudable, they have certainly done well, but they have not done all.

There is another education neceſſary, which is but too often neglected: it is an education that will fit them for another world; a world where nothing wicked can enter, and where the good will inherit eternal happineſs.

The other education is frequently laborious; but this is eaſy, ſimple, and ſoon learned.

I cannot believe there are any parents but what wiſh their offspring happy: O then, if they would only call to mind, that the bent they give their children may be the cauſe of their eternal happineſs

or

or eternal misery; who would for a moment put off the impressing on their tender minds that divine religion which is of such inestimable value?

Before I conclude, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that I have been obliged to make great alterations in the translating of this little work; that I have added much, and diminished much, before I could think it proper to present to the rising generation, or worthy of being entitled, The SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN.

But I have done.—Go, little book, and with thee Heaven's blessing! Should I happily

happily prove acceſſory in guarding the infant mind from imbibing errors that lead to ſinful habits, and thereby ſave a ſoul from death, great is the promiſed reward.—Yet in this I ſeek not mine own honour: "Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be the glory."

Piccadilly, 24th Jan. 1800.

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THE

SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN.

THE DIRTY GOWN.

HAPPY is he who knows how to procure himſelf peace in the boſom of his family! Happy is he who, diſengaged from the ſolicitudes of fooliſh ambition, and ſatisfied with an eaſy competence, the fruit of honeſt labour, divides his cares between an ineſtimable wife and beloved children! Such was Mr. Grenville: above mediocrity, by the dower which his dear Emily brought him, he yet added to his fortune by the product of a ſufficiently extenſive commerce; but far from aſpiring to opulence by continual ſpeculations and uninterrupted labour, his ſweeteſt pleaſure was to attend to the education of Henry and Maria, their beloved offspring.

One fine day in ſummer, while ſitting in the ſhade of a grove of willows and poplars, the whole family made a ruſtic repaſt at the ſide of

a rivulet; the noiſe of a carriage was heard. Henry and Maria liſten with attention, and look at Mr. Grenville, as if to aſk him if he would not give them leave to go and ſee what noiſe that could be. Mr. Grenville having given them permiſſion, they aroſe with joy, and ran precipitately towards the high road. "Ah, papa! papa! come and ſee the fine coach!" It was in reality a brilliant carriage, with horſes magnificently harneſſed, that ſerved to bear about the wealthy and liſtleſs Almanzor. A burden to himſelf and others, he ſhunned ſolitude; fearing to find himſelf alone, he tried to charm away his dejection by daily aſſembling a multitude of gueſts at his table, and procuring them entertainments which he never left but in a ſtate of inſenſibility. As ſoon as he perceived the two children, he ſtopped the coachman, alighted from his carriage, leaning heavily on two footmen who preſented him their arms, and advanced awkwardly towards Mr. Grenville. "I come," ſaid he, "to beg you to do me the favour to come and paſs a few days at my ſeat; I am preparing a delicious entertainment there; never will you be ſo much diverted; but it would loſe its value in my eyes if the honeſt Grenville were not there, and if the charming Emily ſhould refuſe to embelliſh it with her preſence."

Mrs

Mrs. Grenville coloured, and contented herſelf with anſwering his invitation by a ſlight courteſy. Henry and Maria, immoveable, looked at their father, and formed wiſhes for his acceptance of the invitation, in hopes of being alſo of the party.

"I am ſenſible of the honour you do me," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "but it is almoſt impoſſible for me to anſwer it, for I never ſeparate myſelf but with regret from theſe children, and I do not leave them except when I cannot do otherwiſe."—"But it is clearly underſtood that they would be of the party: is it not ſo, my good young friends? you will not be ſorry to have a little recreation? Then do promiſe me to come, and bring them with you." Mr. Grenville heſitated.

"Ah, papa! my good papa! are you not laughing? Will you not take us with you? My dear mamma, do tell my papa to ſay Yes."

"Come, ſay Yes then," replied Almanzor; "you ſee clearly that theſe poor children are longing to come." Mr. Grenville ſmiled, and made a ſlight inclination of the head. "Ah! papa has ſaid Yes: Henry, he has ſaid Yes." And the two children jump, clap their hands, and ſhake hands for joy.

Almanzor withdrew; they accompanied him to the road; and when he was in his carriage, "To-morrow," ſaid he. "To-morrow," replied Mr. Grenville, bowing. The coachman whips, the carriage diſappears. Emily takes Mr. Grenville's arm, to return through the meadow to the houſe; and Henry and Maria run on before, come back again, and embrace Mr. Grenville, continually repeating To-morrow.

Arrived at home, nothing was talked of but preparations for the next day. Nurſe was ſent to aſk to borrow a carriage of ſome friends. It was abſolutely neceſſary that Henry and Maria ſhould alſo ſee the carriage that was to ſerve for the journey. Harriet took them with her; and the next minute they returned quite out of breath, to bring the news of their having found a charming one. It was already late; they ate no ſupper, they were not hungry; they were taken to bed. I leave you to think if they ſleep. It was ſcarcely three o'clock before Henry was knocking at the doors of all the rooms; and of courſe made a ſtirring through the houſe. They riſe at laſt, day appears, and each is buſy at the toilet.

Henry combed his hair, chattered, and ran very faſt into his ſiſter's room, to let her ſee that he

he was ready, and to know if ſhe had done as much. But, alas! poor Maria, with eyes caſt down, and dreſſing herſelf reluctantly, was ſorrowfully ſettling a number of ſpots which ſhe had made on a country-dreſs that had only been bought for her about a week; and which her mother had ordered her to put on to go in to Almanzor's.

Aſtoniſhed at her ſadneſs, Henry aſked her what was the cauſe of ſo ſudden a change. Maria made no anſwer. Henry inſiſted; Maria drew near a window, covered her face with both hands, and for every anſwer contented herſelf with crying.

The horſes were ready. They were on the point of ſetting out, when Mrs. Grenville, before getting into the carriage, ſent to tell Henry and his ſiſter to make haſte to breakfaſt on a bowl of new milk that ſhe had got ready for all the travellers. Henry, who had loſt part of his gaiety through his ſiſter's grief, deſcended ſlowly into the breakfaſt-parlour; but Maria let herſelf be called twice.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" ſaid Mrs. Grenville; "you ſeem vexed: and what can that be? You look as if you had been crying." She had ſcarcely finiſhed theſe words before ſhe perceived the cauſe of Maria's em

barraſſment. "And what!" added ſhe; "you have hardly put on this gown twice, and it is already diſguſtingly dirty; and one cannot diſtinguiſh the colour of the ribands with which it is trimmed! Maria," continued ſhe, in an angry tone, "it is impoſſible for me to take you with me; you will ſtay here."

Mr. Grenville, occupied in drinking his milk, did not interrupt his wife; Henry, ready to cry, looked ſorrowfully at his ſiſter; and poor Maria, with a big heart, and her eyes full of tears, ſlowly aroſe, left the room, and went to ſob with her good Harriet.

No one tried to get the decree revoked that mamma had pronounced. They knew that with her, yes, was yes; and no, was no. Never did Mr. Grenville contradict her deciſions:—breakfaſt finiſhed, they therefore ſet out without taking Maria.

Her ſobs redoubled when, from one of her room windows, ſhe ſaw Henry get into the carriage, and the horſes go off at a great rate. She cried, groaned, looked at the ſpots on her gown, and cried afreſh. Harriet, the good Harriet, tried in vain to conſole her: her poor heart was obliged to unburden itſelf. However, after ſome time, her tears ceaſed, and having ſtill remained ſitting near a quarter of an hour penſive and without

ſaying a word, ſhe ſuddenly aroſe, and ran to her drawers. There ſhe examined her clothes one after another, folded them up properly, aſſiſted by Harriet, took out ſome ſpots with which many were covered, and promiſed herſelf, that from henceforth ſlovenlineſs ſhould no more be an obſtacle to her pleaſures.

THE GARDEN.

It was not noon when the travellers were already in the middle of the avenue that led to the caſtle of Almanzor. A magnificent iron gate ſecures the entrance of an immenſe court, ſurrounded with large moats; a ſuperb ſtaircaſe leads to a veſtibule of the greateſt beauty: four rooms which they are obliged to go through before penetrating into Almanzor's apartment, are ſparkling with cryſtal and porcelain; and preſent to the enchanted eye, all that is poſſeſſed by the moſt ſeducing painting and the richeſt ſculpture. Shrubs placed at little diſtances in vaſes of porphyry, exhale the ſweeteſt perfumes; and the water, where care is taken to infuſe moſs, with which the ſurfaces of the vaſes are covered, preſerves in theſe rooms an agreeable coolneſs.

Above all, tapeſtry beautifully wrought, and which repreſented that pedant who inſtead of holding out his hand to a child that had fallen into the water, harangues it on its folly while it is drowning, fixed all Mr. Grenville's attention; when a domeſtic came to tell him that Almanzor was ſorry at not being himſelf able to receive him, but the fatigue of the preceding day, and a cold which he had caught, obliged him to lie in bed later than uſual; and to increaſe his misfortune, the breaſt of a fowl which he had eaten the evening before, had ſo debilitated his ſtomach, that he had not been able to cloſe his eyes all night; but that in an hour at lateſt, he ſhould be ready to receive them.

"In the mean time," ſays Mr. Grenville, "let us go and viſit thoſe delightful gardens which I ſee from hence. Without doubt," ſaid he to the ſervant who accompanied them, "Almanzor makes theſe enchanting groves his favourite abode?"—"It is above a year ſince he has walked in them; the heat is inſupportable to him, the quietneſs incommodes him, and the coolneſs that diffuſes itſelf in theſe gardens from the living ſprings with which they are watered in all parts, is very hurtful to his health."—"Is it poſſible?" exclaimed Mr. Grenville. "Here is a very unhappy rich man!"

"How

"How unhappy?" ſays Henry: "he unhappy, papa, with ſo many fine things! with aviaries where there are ſuch a number of pretty birds; with fountains, with baſins where there are gold and ſilver fiſh; with orange-trees, which are covered with fruit; with—" Henry was going to enumerate all the objects which pleaſed him the moſt, when Mr. Grenville ſaid, "A day will come, my ſon, when I hope to make you comprehend that happineſs does not conſiſt in riches, or luxuries; and that the moſt virtuous, and the moſt temperate, is the one who alſo has the moſt enjoyments on earth."

They kept going on while ſpeaking, when a voice was heard from a neighbouring grove; they were ſilent, liſtened, and heard very diſtinctly the following verſe:

Content 's the higheſt good that 's known;
The rake we drag in peace
Is lighter than the monarch's crown,
Whoſe crimes bid comforts ceaſe.

"Let us go forward," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "and ſee who it can be." The ſinger was a day-labourer, who worked in the garden, and who having juſt laid down his ſpade, ſeated himſelf in the ſhade, to make a frugal repaſt. Some

brown bread, a bit of cheeſe, and a little wicker bottle containing a few glaſſes of beer—ſuch was the fare on which he was preparing to make his dinner.

"You are very merry," ſaid Mr. Grenville.

Labourer. That is becauſe I am content.

Henry. How heartily you eat your black bread!

Labourer. Becauſe I am hungry, my little gentleman.

Henry. It cannot be over-good.

Labourer. If you had worked ever ſince ſix o'clock, you would find it delicious.

Mr. Grenville. Do you live far from here?

Labourer. Cloſe by; in that cottage at the end of that alley of lime-trees.

Henry. It is very ſmall.

Labourer. It is as large as I want, to ſhelter me from the injuries of the weather.

Mr. Grenville. Health is painted on your face, and ſatisfaction in your eyes.

Labourer. I believe it. I have not a care, and what in the world can cauſe me one? I riſe ſinging, I work willingly, I eat contentedly, I ſleep the ſame; I do no wrong to any one, and I earn enough to maintain my poor father: what more can I want, except to pray Heaven always to preſerve to me my two hands?

And

And upon that he took a draught, and bit his bread.

Mr. Grenville was going to ſet him a-talking again, when he was informed that Almanzor was ready to receive him; and dinner was on table.

"O my ſon!" ſaid Mr. Grenville to Henry, "ſee what a contraſt between Almanzor and this labourer; the rareſt diſhes, the moſt exquiſite wines, intemperance has at laſt ſpoiled; ruined the conſtitution of the one, while ſobriety procures the other the moſt robuſt health: health, my dear Henry, without which all enjoyments are poiſoned."

THE CARNATION.

The dinner was ſplendid; but curioſity, with Henry, prevailed over gluttony: for the inconvenience which he had undergone many times, after having given way too much to his inclinations, had taught him, that it was dangerous to eat more than would ſatisfy hunger. Henry is therefore no longer a glutton; but Henry is curious: he took advantage of the moment when Mr. and Mrs. Grenville were not obſerving him, to quit the table ſecretly, and ruſh into the gar-

den: but he is there alone, and does not feel happy.

He again viſits the aviary, the gold and ſilver fiſh, the fountain, and the ſtatues which are around a ſuperb baſin, whoſe edges are new covered with white marble. He then goes towards its borders, where the variety of the flowers which covered them, offered to his view the moſt ſmiling picture.

He puts forward his hand to a carnation, withdraws it, again puts it forward, again heſitates, and glances on all ſides to ſee if any one may perceive him; he ſees nobody, therefore makes haſte to gather the carnation; he had put it into his pocket, and was making off precipitately, when a voice coming from an arbour of yoke elm-trees, cried out, "Who has given you leave to gather that flower?" It was the voice of the gardener, who had obſerved all from the place where he was hid. A ſudden bluſh overſpread the face of Henry, and ſhame hindered him from anſwering. "It appears to me," added Anthony, "that you are a very ill-bred child; your father ſhould have taught you, that you ought never to touch any thing when you are at other people's houſes; remember the leſſon that I give you, and take care that a ſimilar proceeding does not draw upon you ſomething more diſagreeable."

THE GHOST.

With head held down, and walking a ſlow pace, Henry advanced, during about ten minutes, into the turnings of the garden without looking back; but when he had followed ſome winding paths, and was under ſome thick trees, he drew the carnation from his pocket, threw it among the buſhes, and imagined himſelf freed from a heavy load, ſince he had no longer upon him the proof of his theft.

Almanzor's gardens bounded the entrance of a very thick wood; Henry penetrated into it: employed in running after butterflies, gathering nuts, liſtening to the ſongs of birds, which in flying from bough to bough drew him inſenſibly into the middle of the wood; he did not perceive that he was a great way off the caſtle, till he ſaw daylight began to diſappear.

He wiſhed to return the ſame way; but twenty different paths which finiſhed by croſſing each other at ſome diſtance, hindered him from again finding his right road.

Night came on imperceptibly; the confuſed chirping of innumerable birds was no longer heard; the great ſilence that began to reign

around him, was ſcarcely interrupted by the croaking of ſome ravens. Henry was terrified with this ſolitude: the fear of periſhing with hunger, of meeting thieves, and of being ſtung by venomous reptiles, if he ſhould happen to paſs the night in this wood, all together contributed to derange his little brain.

It was ſtill much worſe when the ſun had entirely diſappeared, and he had no longer any thing to guide him but the light of the moon, whoſe uncertain glimmering hardly pierced through the foliage. Then it was that he deſpaired of the ability to regain the habitation of Almanzor, and that his fear was at the height. The falling leaf, the branch agitated by the wind, and the noiſe of the ruſtling boughs, were to him ſubjects of terror: his troubled ſight every where met with nothing but hideous objects, which exiſted no where in reality, but in his own imagination.

He makes a laſt effort; he ſtops, and would have raiſed a loud cry, to know if any one would anſwer him; but his almoſt ſtifled voice dies away on his lips. He is going to throw himſelf on the ground, and recommend himſelf to Heaven; when a new cauſe of terror comes to freeze him with fear, and make a cold ſweat perſpire through all his pores, that completely takes

takes from him the little ſtrength he had remaining.

Often has the good Harriet, as fooliſh and as dangerous in this reſpect as three fourths of the nurſes are, ſecretly told him ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions; which lying tales, in captivating the attention of children, always eager after the marvellous, leave in their brains unfortunate impreſſions, which time ſtrengthens, and only experience can efface.

At a diſtance, and by favour of the pale light that ſurrounds him, Henry thinks he ſees a phantom; Henry in a moment retraces to himſelf all the hideous things with which Harriet had frightened him a hundred times. Henry believes himſelf dead. He ſees a ghoſt of a gigantic height advance with ſlow ſteps; his body wrapt in a pall, and ſurmounted by a death's head; a white bird with extended wings goes before him in his way. Henry ſcreamed with terror. "Stop!" cried the ghoſt. Henry wiſhed to ſave himſelf by flight; he runs, ſtumbles againſt the root of a tree, and falls; he remains on the ground immoveable, and his two hands cloſe to his body. Henry gives himſelf up for loſt.

THE PASTOR.

"Who is there?" No anſwer. "What do I ſee! a child in the wood, here at this hour: what do you do there?" Henry replied only by again uttering ſhrieks of terror. "Fear nothing." Henry lifts up his head a little. "Take courage, my child; ſhould you have miſſed your way, follow me; to-morrow I can put you in your road, and have you conducted to your parents." At theſe words, Henry, half aſſured, gets up, looks, and ſees that what he had taken for a ghoſt, is no other than a man, whoſe ſweet and agreeable voice is far from inſpiring terror: that the pall that is wrapped round him, is a black gown, ſuch as is always worn by a clergyman; that the death's-head, is a head of long hair, whitened by age; and that the white bird which went before him, is a ſimple handkerchief which the paſtor now and then moved about to fan himſelf, and wipe away the water that runs from his forehead.

This reſpectable man, the rector of ſome hamlets ſcattered over the foreſt, where he now is, had juſt been to carry relief and conſolation to a poor ſick perſon confided to his care, and was hurrying

hurrying his return home, when he met Henry in the deplorable ſituation which has juſt been deſcribed: he laid hold of his hand, and took him with him.

Henry related to him how he had loſt his way, and the fear he had felt. "This is not the time," ſaid the good paſtor, "to reprimand you for your imprudence; but, my young friend, what has juſt happened, teaches you once for all, that a child of your age has not ſufficient experience to go alone; that he ought not to ſuffer himſelf to be ſeparated from the paternal dwelling, without his parents permiſſion. Beſides the danger which you have really run, of paſſing the night in this foreſt, if Providence had not, moſt fortunately for you, thrown me in your way; reflect a little on the cruel uneaſineſs that your abſence now cauſes your father and mother: I am certain that your papa experiences the moſt dreadful torments, and that your mamma will paſs the night in tears.

Henry, at this heart-breaking idea, could not help crying, and his ſobs informed the paſtor, that if he had committed an indiſcretion, he had at leaſt a good heart, and that he was the firſt to be puniſhed for his fault. "Compoſe yourſelf," added he: "as ſoon as we arrive at my houſe, I will ſend on purpoſe to let them know

know that nothing dreadful has befallen you; and that you are in a place of ſafety."

This promiſe appeaſed Henry's ſorrow; and on the other hand, his fearful panics were vaniſhed, and the appetite which began to be felt, made him quicken his ſteps to arrive ſooner at the paſtor's dwelling.

A VERY IMPORTANT LESSON.

This venerable man, to whom Henry had imparted his mortal fear, and the livid object which he had thought he ſaw, would not let ſo proper an occaſion of undeceiving him paſs, and of effacing from his mind, if it were poſſible, the fatal impreſſions which without doubt had been left there, by tales as abſurd as revolting; and which have more than once tended to diſorder the weak minds that had received them with avidity.

"Are your fears entirely removed?" ſaid this good old man. "O yes, Sir!"—"Are you now quite ſure that I am not a ghoſt?"—"O certainly!"—"Now that terror no longer troubles your ideas, theſe leaves which the wind moves at the ſide of us, do they really appear to you

you to be leaves?"—"Yes, Sir, they are leaves."—"Now that I take hold of your hand, and that you believe yourſelf ſtrong enough to defend yourſelf if you were attacked, are you convinced that theſe undulations cauſed by the moving ſhadow of the agitated branches, are not malicious animals; that theſe trunks of trees, whoſe decayed boughs are diſpoſſeſſed of their verdure, are not thieves who await you, and phantoms which diſplay their arms?"—"Yes, Sir, I am convinced of it: I ſee it."—"Am I ſtill in your eyes an object of terror, a horrible ſkeleton, dreſſed in funeral clothes, preceded by an unlucky bird?"—"No; aſſuredly you are to me a father, a tutelary angel:" and ſo ſaying, Henry kiſſed his hand.

"Notwithſtanding," added the paſtor, "if, when you had ſcreamed with terror at perceiving me, I had turned back, inſtead of going to you and giving you aſſiſtance; if, inſtead of touching me, feeling me, and hearing me ſpeak, you had but half ſeen me, by the uncertain light that the moon procured for you, you would have been perſuaded that you had ſeen a hobgoblin, an apparition: you would have affirmed it to all your companions, and notwithſtanding that, you now ſee of yourſelf, that you would have affirmed an untruth."

"My

"My ſon, there are no apparitions, no ſpectres, no witches or ſorcerers, nor any thing to fear by night, any more than by day. When the inhabitants of the country, leſs inſtructed, and conſequently more credulous, than thoſe of the town; when your playfellows, your nurſe, or whoever it may be, amuſe you with tales of this ſort, tell them boldly that they are not true: if, to give their fables an air of truth, they add, that they have ſeen what they relate, tell them again that they are not true, you thought you ſaw them, but you have not ſeen them.

"In the moment when fear takes poſſeſſion of us, our aſtoniſhed imagination gives a change in our organs, and our eyes almoſt always appear to have a glimpſe of what we fear to diſcover. At your age it is eaſy to fortify ourſelves againſt the conſequences of fear; and unfortunately theſe conſequences are dreadful, when we have not known betimes how to make a good defence againſt them.

"No one is exempt from the firſt impulſe of fear; but to obviate its bad effects, only endeavour to be ſufficiently maſter of yourſelf, that terror may not throw your mind into too great confuſion: you will eaſily attain the procuring this empire over yourſelf, if you often call to mind that it frequently happens that all thoſe evils

evils which we fear, befall us in reality; and when they happen, are never so great as we had before thought. Above all, do not forget that the principal, perhaps the only means of extricating ourselves in difficult circumstances, is to take a resolution immediately, and execute it with firmness, by considering of the way to avert the evil that threatens us: if, after ripe reflection, you attain the following of this counsel, every time that you may be seized by fear, it is to be presumed that nothing dreadful will ever befall you."

THE FIRE.

"Fear," added Polemon (for that was the name of the pastor), "is one of the most dangerous enemies of man; and presence of mind his firmest support. From my tendereſt infancy I have proved its salutary effects.

"Born in the village, and not fortunate enough to be placed among the boarders in a school, I slept and took my meals at the house of a good woman, who, for a moderate price, lodged and fed many youths of my age, and as little favoured as myself with the gifts of fortune.

The

The yearly allowance we paid her was ſo ſmall, that we had but juſt ſufficient to keep us, and hardly that. Once a-year only, and that was the day of our hoſteſs's entertainment, ſhe made us amends, by a few dainties, for a twelve-month's faſt.

" One year, therefore, when ſhe was preparing, according to cuſtom, to give us our feaſt, and when all the good women of the neighbourhood were in an uproar in the kitchen, to ſeaſon three or four poor diſhes, one of our companions, in endeavouring to ſteal a fritter, overturned on the fire the batter that was in the frying-pan.

" The ſoot, with which the chimney was filled, caught fire at the ſame inſtant. Fear took poſſeſſion of every body; they wiſhed to give aſſiſtance, but each was in ſuch confuſion that they aggravated the evil inſtead of procuring a remedy for it. At laſt the fire manifeſted itſelf with ſo much violence, that all the neighbours ran to it, and in a moment the houſe was filled with ſtrangers. My companions gave up all hopes, and bewailed themſelves in ſeeing that they could not ſtop the progreſs of the fire. As for myſelf, too weak yet to give aſſiſtance, while the others tore their hair, I had quietly gone up into my room, and after having wrapped up my books and my few things in a handkerchief,

I ſepa-

I ſeparated myſelf from the crowd to wait the iſſue of the event.

" My companions, who, inſtead of employing their time, had contented themſelves with groaning, and crying out Fire! when there were already too many people to extinguiſh it; loſt their effects, and learned to their coſt, that when we do not know how to command ourſelves in the moment of a criſis, and profit by the inſtant, we double our loſſes inſtead of repairing them."

GRATITUDE.

Converſing thus, the two companions gained the end of the wood. They were hardly out of it when they perceived, at a diſtance, people coming towards them with torches made of fir, and handfuls of lighted ſtraw. " What is the meaning of that?" ſaid Henry to Polemon.— " My young friend, you will be informed immediately." And at the ſame time the paſtor, being a little nearer to them, and within reach of making himſelf underſtood, cried with a loud voice, " Here I am:" and inſtantly all repeated at ſeveral times, " It is he! There he is!"

" Theſe are my good friends," continued Polemon, " the inhabitants of the hamlet where I make

I make my reſidence. I have been their paſtor theſe forty years; and behold, forty years have I been cheriſhed by them. As I never happen to be abſent from home after ſunſet, and as it is already late, without doubt they were afraid ſome accident might have befallen me, and they haſted to ſeek me, to come and meet me.

" The tender affection I have for them, the cares I laviſh on them, the aſſiſtance I give them, the pains I take to maintain among them peace and union, and to form their children to labour and virtue, have never been loſt to me: hey love me as a beneficent man, and reſpect me as a father. What I poſſeſs is theirs, what they have is mine. The living attached to my place is ſo ſmall, that it is always employed beforehand to the comfort of the leaſt eaſy of the canton: but, in return, thoſe who are rather more fortunate do not let me want for any thing: and if I were not myſelf to ſet bounds to their generoſity, I ſhould always have more than what is neceſſary.

" As long as I live I ſhall remember with delightful emotion the day when they thought that a dangerous malady was going to plunge me into the tomb:—that moment was to me the ſweeteſt of my life.

" The violence of the diſorder with which I

was

was attacked had already gained ſuch a pitch, that I ſuffered no more for having ſuffered too much: I had all my recollection; I was plunged into a ſort of lethargy, the ſinking of which, after the acute pains, had for me an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs. Such profound ſilence reigned in the room where I was, that I thought myſelf alone, and employed my efforts to turn myſelf in my bed, and enjoy once more the ſight of heaven, by favour of a window that was at my right hand.

"What was my ſurpriſe when I ſaw the apartment filled with all my dear pariſhioners! The men, ſilent and penſive, were ſtanding with their arms croſſed on their breaſts; the women on their knees, with their eyes fixed on heaven, bathed the floor with their tears. The ſudden emotion which this divine picture procured me, added to my ſtrength; I held out my hand to them; they haſtened towards me. 'Bleſſed be 'God!' they cried, 'he gives us back our father.'

"O my ſon! undoubtedly I alſo deſired to be reſtored to them, ſince my exiſtence contributed to their happineſs: but I do not know if the deſire of quitting life, at that moment, did not get the better, in me, of that of ſeeing it prolonged. O when, at that inſtant, my ſoul enjoyed voluptuous tranquillity, how conſoling it

ſeemed to me to appear before the Eternal, enveloped in the eſteem of worthy men, bathed in the tears of innocence, and ſurrounded by the bleſſings of the poor!"

Polemon had ſcarcely finiſhed theſe words when his pariſhioners diſcovered him by the light of their torches: they ſurrounded him with eagerneſs, and tenderly reproached him for the ſolicitudes which he had cauſed them. Theſe walked before to light him on his way; thoſe preſented him their arms to lean on; and others, being at liberty, ran as faſt as their legs could carry them, to announce in the village that he was found again, and that no accident had happened to him; all the villagers came to meet him, the old men creeping along, with the help of their ſticks, and mothers holding their children in their arms.

Henry, touched with a ſight ſo new, could not, on ſeeing the women who came before them cry for joy, but ſhed ſome tears alſo; and preſſing, againſt his heart, the hand of the venerable paſtor, he exclaimed, "Ah, how ſweet it is to be beloved!"

ECONOMY.

Henry had arrived at the houſe of Polemon without having perceived that this beneficent mortal had haſtened to ſpeak, in a low voice, to two young men who had come the firſt to meet him, and to ſend them to Almanzor's houſe, to ſet Mr. and Mrs. Grenville at eaſe with reſpect to the fate of their ſon. Supper was ready; Henry had a voracious appetite; he placed himſelf at table, and ate as if he had not taſted any thing for a week. When his hunger was appeaſed, Polemon aſked him if he had not thought a little on the uneaſineſs which his abſence muſt have cauſed his parents.

Henry. O! what would I give for them to know that I am in ſuch good hands!

Polemon. Very well, you muſt let them know it.

Henry. And how muſt I do that?

Polemon. By ſending to them on purpoſe.

Henry. At this hour?

Polemon. Undoubtedly.

Henry. And ſhould we find a man who would conſent to go?

Polemon. Certainly, on paying him for his trouble.

Henry. And how am I to pay him? I have no money.

Polemon. Do not your parents give you any then?

Henry. Yes, certainly! Why, the day before yeſterday I had two ſhillings and ſixpence remaining in my pocket, that my grand-papa had given me on the day of his entertainment.

Polemon. Half a crown! and why have not you got it now?

Henry. Becauſe I have ſpent it.

Polemon. What uſe have you made of it?

Henry. My nurſe, Harriet, has laid it out in buying cakes, as I begged her to do.

Polemon. What! have you ſpent the whole of your half-crown in buying cakes?

Henry. Yes, Sir.

Polemon. Sure enough, here is money made a very bad uſe of: it was yours; you had the right to diſpoſe of it; but do you think that one half the value would not have been ſufficient for once, and that it might not have been more convenient to keep the remainder for a better occaſion?

Henry. I think ſo.

Polemon. Fed at your father's houſe, and in want of nothing, it was ridiculous to throw away all you had in trifles; the more ſo as there

are

are circumſtances which we cannot foreſee; and if we even were well aſſured of never wanting neceſſaries, it is more pleaſing to employ our overplus in comforting the unfortunate, and in doing a good action, than in laying it out in idle expenſes, and above all to ſatisfy gluttony. If, for example, you ſtill had a ſhilling or eighteen pence left, of the half-crown of which you ſpeak, you could eaſily find a man in this village who would willingly undertake, for a ſmall reward, to find your parents, and inform them that no accident has befallen you; but for want of having known how to take care of your money, and to have ſufficient to ſatisfy the man who might conſent to be your meſſenger, your father will paſs an uneaſy night, and your mother will grieve till ſhe hears news of you.

"If I had money," added the paſtor, "I would willingly charge myſelf with lending you ſome to have your errand done; but I have told you, that, far from poſſeſſing any thing, my living is always expended beforehand, and employed to ſupport the indigent who ſurround me. It is not, therefore, I who by means of a few pieces of money can help you to diſſipate your parents' uneaſineſs: your gluttony, and your little foreſight, are obſtacles to the accompliſhment of the project which you have at this moment for re-

moving their fears, and putting an end to their trouble."

Henry clearly felt that he was wrong in laying out the whole of his half-crown in a purchaſe perfectly uſeleſs; and that if he had known how to preſerve at leaſt ſomething, the little that he might have kept of it would have been of great uſe to him at this moment. The grief that he cauſed his parents, the deſpair into which his diſappearing muſt have thrown them, without a poſſibility of his ending it immediately, hindered him from finiſhing his ſupper, and the tears began to ſwim in his eyes; when Polemon, who only wiſhed to make him feel the neceſſity of economy, gave him to underſtand that, without his perceiving it, he had diſpatched two inhabitants to Almanzor's houſe, and that if, at the moment of his ſpeaking, Mr. Grenville was not made acquainted with the place where his ſon was, it would not be long however before both his father and mother would be ſet at eaſe on his account.

"But," ſaid Polemon, "do not forget, that at your age you muſt learn to be frugal, and that if you be not ſo betimes, and in the ſmalleſt things, you will finiſh by being extravagant; and that after having given yourſelf up to luxuries you will be wholly in want of neceſſaries.

THE HISTORY OF POLEMON.

Henry, certain that his father's fears were juſt at an end, and that he ſhould ſee him again on the morrow, recalled his gaiety. and finiſhed eating what Polemon had helped him to: but this reſpectable man took advantage of the time that his little companion employed to ſatisfy his appetite, to inſiſt on the neceſſity of putting into execution the leſſon he had juſt given him.

"If from my infancy," ſaid he, "I had found, like you, enlightened people who intereſted themſelves for me, and who had been inclined to have given me the advice that I offer you to-day, and which your parents undoubtedly give you every day; I ſhould have avoided the errors, and have been ſpared many faults, from which I have only been reclaimed at laſt by fatal experience: I ſhould moreover have been ſecured from more than one mortification in an already advanced age; and for which I ought to be obliged to many of thoſe who occaſioned them, on account of the motive that animated them with regard to me. Pay attention to what I am going to ſay.

"I have told you that I was born without for-

tune. The office of a clergyman, which with us conſiſts but in the explanation of the ſcriptures, and the practice of its virtues, was that to which I was deſtined from my infancy. When I had acquired ſome little experience, and ſaw that it agreed with my diſpoſition and taſte for ſolitude, I embraced it with ardour.

"The firſt place that was given me, was the rectory of the hamlet of Hawthorn Vale; the living was very ſmall; I however accepted it, in hopes of being better ſituated in time. It was not long before it reſted only with myſelf to be more advantageouſly eſtabliſhed; I refuſed; I was attached to my people; I found myſelf happy among them, and I have always laid it down as a principle, that when we are well off, we ought not to ſeek to be better, for fear of being worſe, which happens but too often.

"Be it as it may, I was ſtill young when I came to exerciſe my miniſtry in theſe parts; and though I was not accuſtomed to great expenſes, I found that ſixty pounds were not ſufficient for my maintenance. I was for a long time lamenting my lot, before I thought of the means of alleviating it.

THE BENEFICENT BLUNT MAN.

"It happened one day, as I was walking in the outſkirts of the village, thinking of my ſad ſituation, I met a man who lived in a houſe that ſtood by itſelf at ſome diſtance from Hawthorn Vale; he had heard me ſpoken of; politeneſs was not his forte; he accoſted me without ceremony, and ſaid in a tone that ſurpriſed me, 'What is the 'matter with you, with your black look? I do 'not like melancholy people.'—'When we are 'ſorrowful,' ſaid I, 'we cannot carry on our 'countenances the appearance of ſatisfaction.'

Blunt Man. Very good indeed: ſorrow at your age!

Polemon. Is it then one of the ſeaſons of life in which we may be exempt from it?

Blunt Man. No; but it muſt be quickly remedied; and with a little reflection and government of yourſelf, you will eaſily attain it. Have you loſt one of your relations or friends?

Polemon. No.

Blunt Man. Are you ill?

Polemon. No.

Blunt Man. In a word, has any thing dreadful happened to any of your family?

Polemon. No.

Blunt Man. Then I think it is truly ridiculous to be melancholy.

Polemon. Why ridiculous?

Blunt Man. Ah! yes, my friend, ridiculous; the word appears hard to you; I am ſorry for it. Truth offends no one but a knave or a fool, and I do not think you either the one or the other.

Polemon. But when I have not wherewithal to live, and I ſee myſelf on the eve of wanting every thing?

Blunt Man. Inſtead of deſpairing, you ſhould ſeek the means of employing yourſelf to advantage. I know that your place is of little account; and that if you have not any patrimony, it muſt with difficulty produce you ſufficient for your ſubſiſtence: but after all, your ſituation of paſtor, and the duties which you are obliged to diſcharge towards thoſe who are confided to you, do not occupy you all day.

Polemon. That is true.

Blunt Man. What do you in the time that remains?

Polemon. I amuſe myſelf with reading.

Blunt Man. Well, you are an inconſiderate young man.

Polemon. What would you have me do then?

Blunt Man. Indeed, my dear friend, for a ſenſible

ſible man, that is a very ſimple queſtion. Do you not enjoy robuſt health?

Polemon. Yes.

Blunt Man. Have you not ſtrong arms?

Polemon. Yes, thank God.

Blunt Man. Born in the country, and now actually reſident there, do you not know a little of gardening?

Polemon. Certainly I do.

Blunt Man. Why then do you not give yourſelf up in your ſpare time to the cultivation of ſome ground, whoſe produce would make your exiſtence eaſy?

Polemon. I have not a ſingle little bit of land.

Blunt Man. Are you induſtrious in endeavouring to procure one? Have you been refuſed it?

Polemon. No.

Blunt Man. Then you are an idle young man.

Polemon. I allow it, I am wrong.

Blunt Man. You allow it? Stop there; I like people who own their folly, they are half cured. Since that is the caſe, I give you leave to make uſe of the uncultivated ground adjoining to your houſe; it has remained quiet a long time; you will draw great advantage from it.

Polemon. O Heaven! what do you ſay?

Blunt Man. I ſay, when we are in poverty, we muſt get ourſelves out of it by labour.

Polemon. Believe me, my gratitude equals your kindneſs.

Blunt Man. No thanks; I do for you what has been done for me. I ſhall ſend you ſeeds, and fruit-trees; but look well to one thing; that is, if my land ſhould not proſper in your hands, I ſhall withdraw it immediately.

Polemon. Generous man! permit me to expreſs——

Blunt Man. Ah, expreſs indeed! No, I ſhall permit you to expreſs nothing: you are making game of me, I think; I have already told you, that I have as great a diſlike to complimenters as I have to lazy people. Farewell! I ſhall come and ſee you, but for this time leave me, for I alſo like to walk, and to be alone; not like you, to be fooliſhly ſad, but to thank Him who is above, for having bleſſed the ſweat of my brow; and to admire him in the beauties of nature.

"In finiſhing theſe words," ſaid Polemon, "this ſingular man turned his back to me, and left me in a ſurpriſe, that I ſhould ſcarcely be able to deſcribe to you. I clearly ſaw that he had received no education; and that the ſociety of polite people, of which he had undoubtedly been deprived in his childhood, had not been able to poliſh the roughneſs of his manners.

"Nevertheleſs," ſaid I to myſelf, "with leſs

harſhneſs he might have done as much kindneſs; and the ſweetneſs of his manner in ſpeaking to me, would have added a new charm to his goodneſs: but he has an excellent heart; he muſt have taken pleaſure in obliging me; I have deſerved the reproaches he made me; let me forget the mortification that I have received, and think of nothing but how to profit by the generoſity which he employs for my ſake.

HAWTHORN VALE.

"I made haſte to meaſure back my ſteps; and arrived at Hawthorn Vale. My firſt care was to viſit the ground of which I was going to take poſſeſſion; it was very extenſive, and joined my houſe. At one end ran a brook, and this brook ſaved me the expenſe that ſinking a well would neceſſarily have coſt me, if I had not had water near me. All this appeared to me very advantageous; but on the other hand, this ground was encumbered with ſtones, and covered with brambles and thorns. The ſoil, though good, did not ſeem to me ſufficiently rich, to the end that the plants, which I put in, might thrive well. In ſhort, the work that I had to do to improve it, ſeemed

ſeemed to me immenſe: and to tell you the truth, the labour that it required appeared ſo painful, that at the firſt view I was tempted to give up the enterpriſe.

"After a moment's reflection, I bluſhed at my want of courage; I ſaid to myſelf, that I ought to have more firmneſs; that it was ſufficient to ſet about any thing in good earneſt, to attain it; and my reſolution taken, I made beforehand a pleaſure in vanquiſhing difficulties.

"I had no reaſon to repent it; at the end of a few days all the ſtones were carried away; ſome time afterwards the brambles and thorns diſappeared; and with the aſſiſtance of ſome of my pariſhioners who liked to give me a lift, my ground was entirely turned up, and my little domain encloſed by a paliſade of ſtakes and pales, ſtrong enough to defend its acceſs.

"I wanted not for dung to manure the ſoil; the brook which formed one of the barriers of my garden, ſupplied me with abundance of water, to water what I had been eager to ſow; and the fruit-trees which my benefactor had ſent me, ſucceeded ſo well with the aſſiduous care I gave them, that at the end of ten months I had ſome fruit, and a great quantity of vegetables.

"To increaſe the produce of my property, I placed

placed bees at ſome diſtance from the brook, under a thicket of plum and nut trees. All thrived in time, and at the end of a few years, the amount of the ſale of my vegetables, fruit, and honey, which I ſent to town, joined to the revenue of my place, yielded a ſort of abundance to my houſehold: I ſaw from that time, that labour was not loſt; and that, far from being lamed and deprived of the uſe of his limbs by it, an induſtrious man always finds means to keep himſelf from want.

THE LAVENDER WATER.

"However," added Polemon, "though induſtry is of great value in itſelf, induſtry without economy is of little ſervice.

"One day, when Benevolus (for that is the name of my benefactor) had come to ſee me, and when, on looking over the ground with which he had entruſted me, he was delighted with the ſucceſs that I had obtained in it, and the beauty of its productions; he aſked me if I was not now above want; and added, he was aſtoniſhed that I had not alſo got two or three cows, that the feed of them would coſt little in the country, and that the woman who carried

ried my vegetables, fruit, and honey to market, would readily undertake the care of them, on adding ſomething to the ſmall recompence which I had already made her.

" I told him that I had not yet laid by any thing; that I had often thought of what he now propoſed to me, but that I had not hitherto been able to do it. ' What!' replied he, ' that appears very ſtrange to me; is it ' becauſe you by chance keep no account of the ' uſe that you make of your money?'—' I beg ' your pardon,' ſaid I; ' I write down my ex- ' penſes every day.'—' Very well,' added he, ' very well; let me then ſee a little of theſe ex- ' penſes.'

" We returned to the houſe; and I preſented him with the book that contained them. The firſt page he read, ran thus:

	£.	s.	d.
For lamp-oil - - -	0	4	0
—— an embroidered waiſtcoat -	2	2	0
—— meat - - - -	0	2	10¾
—— ſilk ſtockings - -	0	16	0
—— an iron ſpade - -	0	4	6
—— coffee - - -	0	8	0
—— lavender water - -	0	10	6
	4	7	4¾

" He

" He would read no more: as he was very paſſionate, he threw the book into the middle of the room, ſtriding up and down like a madman, and exclaiming 'Lavender water! lavender water for the gentleman! as if he could not waſh himſelf with freſh water! Silk ſtockings, as if cotton ones were not good enough! An embroidered waiſtcoat! Lavender water!' And he ſtamped his feet.

" 'Abſolutely aſtoniſhing!' added he: 'my dear paſtor, I can eaſily believe that with theſe ſort of fooleries you have not been able to buy cows! Here are at leaſt three guineas and a half thrown away, only on one column. Lavender water! coffee! You ſhall ſee if I give my garden to a gentleman for him to purchaſe lavender water.' In finiſhing theſe words, he opened the door ſuddenly, and went away without taking any further notice of me.

" I ſtood confounded: the reproaches he had made me were ſo juſt and ſo well founded, that I had no other means of regaining Benevolus's friendſhip, of which I was very deſirous, but by quickly ſetting about repairing my faults.

" I retrenched therefore from my expenſes, all the ſuperfluities which had drawn on me ſuch a harſh reprimand; and which really were obſtacles to the advancement of my fortune.

tune. I confined myſelf ſtrictly to neceſſaries, and at the end of ſix months I was even able to procure myſelf two cows. The advantages ariſing from them, joined with thoſe of my gardening, and the revenue of my living, facilitated a purchaſe that I wiſhed to make of an acre of meadow ground. My little domain increaſed by degrees, and I found myſelf at length not only to be in no want of the aſſiſtance of another, but moreover to have it in my power to beſtow it; when one fine morning I received the following letter from Benevolus.

THE LETTER.

" ' My dear Polemon,

" ' I ſee with pleaſure that your affairs are ' in a good way; endeavour to make them ſtill ' better, if poſſible. Joined to this, you will ' find the gift of the land with which I en- ' truſted you. Always love me notwithſtanding my bluntneſs; and remember that if I ' had not given you good advice, while you ' were yet young, you would have run much ' in debt, with having neglected to work, and ' having ſhaved your beard with lavender water; ' but now that your living, and the produce of ' your little property, enſure you a comfortable ' income,

'income, I expect you to dine at my houſe to-
'morrow; where I ſhall ſee you arrive, with-
'out putting myſelf in ill-humour, decked
'with an embroidered waiſtcoat and ſilk ſtock-
'ings.

'Your moſt faithful friend,

'BENEVOLUS'."

THE WILL WITH A WISP.

Henry liſtened to Polemon with attention; but as he had come a great way, and was not uſed to ſitting up late, his heavy eyelids were ready to cloſe.

Polemon took him by the hand, and led him to an upper room, where a bed, which had been prepared for him, was ready to receive him.

As it was the middle of ſummer, and had been exceſſively hot during the day, the windows had been left open to cool the apartment. Henry went forward to look out of the window; but he had ſcarcely got to it, before he ſuddenly drew back with ſigns of fear.

"What is the matter now?" ſaid Polemon, who perceived his emotion, and the geſture he had made. — "Why, I heard a ſort of groan

groan that ſeemed to come from among thoſe old trees which are near us, and I ſaw fire come out of the ground; I ſaw it, I am very ſure."—"And that troubles you? Indeed you profit little by my leſſons. Do you think that this is alſo a ghoſt?"—"No, certainly not; I am no longer afraid of ghoſts; you have clearly proved to me that they do not exiſt; and that when we think we ſee them, it is fear, which, by heightening our imagination, changes our ideas, and troubles our ſenſes: but here I have clearly heard, and diſtinctly ſeen. I have heard a long groan, and I have ſeen a very bright flame."—"Very well, and what do you think this groan and that flame can be?"—"I do not well know how to account for it; but I have heard my nurſe Harriet ſay that it was the ſoul of a dead perſon who returned to the earth."

"I repeat to you again," added Polemon, "that your nurſe Harriet fills your head with a heap of nonſenſe; and if your parents were to know that ſhe told you ſuch falſe and dangerous tales, they would be very much diſpleaſed with her.

"My ſon, the dead never return. We certainly do right in thinking of thoſe who are no more, to call to mind their goodneſs and their virtues,

virtues, and profit by the recollection; but we have undoubtedly no cauſe to fear them.

"To addreſs our prayers likewiſe to Heaven in behalf of the dead, would be of no uſe; for God, at the moment when we appear before him, judges us according to our actions. Therefore never believe that the dead return. When we have quitted this life, it is for ever.

"The groans you have heard, and which really came from under the cypreſs trees cloſe by, are thoſe of a young man who has loſt his father within theſe few days; and who every evening, when he leaves work, comes to water with his tears the aſhes of a cheriſhed mortal."

At the ſame time Polemon went to the window, and called out Anthony, and told him to go to reſt. Anthony immediately left the place where he was, and withdrew. Henry ſaw him very diſtinctly by the light of the moon, and regained his courage.

"As to the flame you perceived, it is neither a ſoul, ghoſt, nor in ſhort an apparition, as I have already told you."—"And what then could it be?" aſked Henry. "It is a ſulphurous exhalation iſſuing from the womb of the earth, drawn up by the rays of the ſun, which takes fire as ſoon as it reaches a certain region

of

of the atmoſphere, and falls at laſt in travelling through the air, when this phoſphoric volume, which compoſed it, is entirely conſumed.

"The explanation I give you is almoſt above your comprehenſion: this is a ſubject entirely philoſophical, that your age and your little knowledge will not permit you yet to know how to value; but which you will one day underſtand: what is neceſſary however for you now to know, is, that this fire is not what you have been told; that its appearance is not alarming, and that its conſequences are not dangerous.

"Have you never happened," ſaid the paſtor, "to ſee any one ſtrike a light with a ſteel and flint?"—"I have often ſeen it."—"Have you obſerved that ſparks come out of the ſtone?"—"Certainly."—"Then there is fire in the ſtone."—"Aſſuredly; without there was, none could come out."—"What makes them fly out?"—"The rubbing of the iron againſt the flint."—"Very well, my young friend," continued Polemon; "figure to yourſelf that the earth, particularly when it undergoes a great deal of heat, conceals alſo fire in its veins; that it is in this reſpect like the flint, of which we have juſt ſpoken; and that the ſun-beams have the ſame

effect

effect upon it, as the iron produces on the ſtone, when it draws forth ſparks by its friction.

"Do you underſtand me?"—"Perfectly," ſaid Henry. "I wiſh to-morrow was already come, that I might tell my nurſe all her tales are only a heap of nonſenſe; and undeceive my ſiſter, who dares not go into the garden of an evening by herſelf, for fear of meeting ghoſts and apparitions."

THE PRAYER.

Henry was going to undreſs himſelf, to get to bed, when Polemon aſked him, "If his parents had not accuſtomed him to addreſs the Supreme Being every night; to thank him for his bleſſings, and implore the continuance of them?"

"At the beginning and concluſion of each day," replied Henry, "I addreſs my deſires to Heaven; it is a cuſtom I have been taught from the moment I had the leaſt underſtanding."—"Take care then not to loſe it," added Polemon; "the love of the Deity is the firmeſt ſupport of man: the fool forgets God in proſperity: the wiſe man has him always preſent to his

his thoughts: I will kneel down with you; rehearſe your uſual prayer."

Henry, on his knees, near the paſtor, thus expreſſed himſelf:

"O Almighty Father! holy and univerſal God! accept my praiſes and thankſgivings for thy mercies paſt, and continue thy divine protection unto me all my life to come: for myſelf and all mankind I aſk thy ſweeteſt bleſſings; but eſpecially for thoſe dear friends whom I am more particularly bound to love. Great God, whoſe ſcrutinizing eye penetrates even into the moſt ſecret folds of our hearts, put far from my thoughts the intention of doing evil; that the ſeed of virtue which thou haſt placed in my ſoul, may unfold itſelf as I grow in years, and ſtrengthen in my heart the love of my fellow-creatures. Let juſtice preſide in my actions: and grant, O righteous God! that after having been uſeful to mankind here below, I may go in peace to join thee in the boſom of eternity. Hear me, O my heavenly Father! for the ſake of thy beloved Son, my only Mediator and Redeemer, Jeſus Chriſt. Amen."

MORNING.

Henry ſlept ſoundly, but the wiſh of again ſeeing his father, and embracing his mother, made him haſten his time of r.ſing. Scarcely had day begun to dawn before he jumped out of bed; and as ſoon as he had offered up his morning ſervice to the Divine Giver of all good, he went to ſeek Polemon.

Polemon had already ſent to know if his two pariſhioners whom he had diſpatched to Almanzor's, had returned. Neither of them had come back; he had no doubt, therefore, but that Mr. Grenville having his fears removed, and no longer dreading any thing on his ſon's account, had kept them with him, and would not let them return, becauſe the night was far advanced; he therefore propoſed to Henry to go and meet them; but when they had arrived at the foot of a little hill which is at ſome diſtance from the wood, Polemon told Henry they muſt ſtop there, for that if they were to penetrate into the foreſt, it was very likely they might not meet the two meſſengers, becauſe of the different roads which led to Hawthorn Vale; "But," added the paſtor, "it will certainly not be

long before they come, and in the mean time let us have a little talk together."—"O, very willingly," ſaid Henry; "I ſhould like to converſe with you always."

"I have been edified," ſaid Polemon, "with the prayer you ſaid yeſterday evening, but above all, with the recollection with which you pronounced it; for it would be better not to addreſs our prayers to Heaven, than to do it with inattention.

"But tell me, my young friend; do you never think of God but when you pray? do you never offer him your homage but when you ſpeak to him? Believe me, there are a thouſand different ways of adoring him, and a thouſand times in a day occaſions preſent themſelves before us.

"Look, for example, what an enchanting picture is offered to our eyes! See how, at the riſing of the ſun, the flaming heavens throw a bright tint on the ſummits of the mountains, which loſe themſelves in extent. See what a fine day appears; how that immenſity of land is covered with rich harveſts. Thoſe ſprings, whoſe water ruſhes down the ſide of that rock, and divides into rivulets, are going to water the flowers in that meadow; theſe trees bending under the weight of their fruit; thoſe drops of dew which are

ready

ready to drop off the leaves, ſparkle with all the luſtre of the diamond; theſe flocks which begin to cover this hill; and the ſongs of the birds that hover over our heads: does not all this collection of wonders which ſurround you, point out to you the Almighty?

"Well, this admirable contemplation, to which a ſenſible heart loves to ſurrender, is in itſelf homage to our heavenly Father.

"How many times, ſurpriſing myſelf in this ecſtacy, have I not felt my eyes fill with ſweet tears! This dumb converſation of my ſoul with its Creator, ſeemed to raiſe me above myſelf, and to make me better."

"O no," replied Henry; "never will I forget God! My papa talks to us about him unceaſingly; and the leſſons which he makes us learn, always tell us about him. If you chooſe, I will repeat one that I muſt ſay to-morrow."—"Willingly."—"It is a part which I have often admired, of the twelfth chapter of St. Luke, that my mamma has verſified."—"Well, let me hear it."

A DIVINE SONG.

O God! look down; I bend the knee
Before bright Mercy's throne;
Suffer a child to come to thee,
And make me all thine own.

Thy word is law; haſt thou not ſaid
Not e'en a hair can grow
Unnumber'd on my feeble head?
For thou muſt all things know.

The ſparrows by thy bounteous hand
Are cloth'd and fed each year;
And thou haſt ſaid, with accent bland,
I more to thee appear.

The ravens neither ſow nor reap,
No ſtorehouſe have for grain;
Yet God protects them, and can keep
E'en birds from hunger's pain.

Behold the lilies in the ground,
The curious bloſſom'd trees;
Yet Solomon brocaded round,
Was not array'd like theſe.

If then God clothes with ſo much care
The growth of mother earth,
Will he neglect his image fair,
For whom all things had birth ?

Thou ſaid'ſt, Fear not, my little flock,
Your Father guards for you ;
A kingdom founded on the rock
Of Chriſt the juſt and true.

O moſt beneficent and good !
How ſhall a mite repay
A grain of duſt, for worms the food,
Thy bleſſings to this day ?

Accept my ſoul, my ſpotleſs ſoul ;
Thy blood has waſh'd her clean,
Has heal'd her wounds, has made her whole,
Calm, peaceful, and ſerene.

O may I never from thee roam !—
Reclining on thy breaſt,
At laſt I 've found a heavenly home,
Where weary pilgrims reſt.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

Polemon. You are perfect in what you have been ordered to learn; but to get things off by memory is not all, you ought alſo to reflect on what you learn. What do you conclude from thoſe lines which you have juſt recited to me?

Henry. I hope, my dear paſtor, I ſhall be able to anſwer your queſtion to your ſatisfaction. I am ſure I ought, for my good mamma always takes great pains to explain to both my ſiſter and me, what we read; but eſpecially any thing in the Teſtament, as ſhe calls that book The ſure guide to Heaven.

Polemon. Thank God, my dear boy, for having given you ſuch a mother; her value is ineſtimable: may ſhe long, very long, be ſpared unto you! and do you remember through life, how much you owe her pious and maternal tenderneſs. "Honour thy father and thy mother," is a commandment from God himſelf; and when we reflect how greatly we are indebted to them, it is really aſtoniſhing that any children can be ungrateful to their parents.

Never forget, my ſon, that ingratitude to the author of your being, is breaking one of God's

God's commandments; and is a crime that ſhall ſurely not go unpuniſhed; while the fulfilling of it will bring with it a bleſſed reward. For God has added to it a promiſe, as a further encouragement to your duty—and his word can never fail—"that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!"

It was your mother's milk that nouriſhed you; at her breaſt you were foſtered and cheriſhed; her arm pillowed your head; and when you were learning to walk, it was ſhe, who, aſſiſted by your father, the beloved partner of all her joys and ſorrows, taught and ſupported your feeble ſteps. Think on the many anxious days and ſleepleſs nights you have coſt them, when ſickneſs has ſeized the little helpleſs babe, and death has threatened to make you his prey: but I know you love your parents, and will be obedient to them. Now go on, my dear boy; I have interrupted you, but it was for your good.

Henry. Thank you, my kind friend; it was a pleaſing interruption, and I hope time will prove it a profitable one. Your good advice ſhall not be loſt; I will treaſure it up in my heart. But now to the explanation I am to give you.

THE MORAL TO THE DIVINE SONG.

By the firſt verſe I learn to pray; in the ſecond I ſee the almighty power of God; for if he can pay attention to ſuch ſmall things as the very hairs on my head, what can eſcape him? How careful ought I not to be of doing any naughty actions, as he certainly takes account of all them likewiſe. The third and fourth teach me, that while God takes ſo much care to feed, clothe, and provide with neſts a poor ſparrow or a raven, I ought never to be uneaſy about "what I ſhall eat, or what I ſhall drink, or wherewithal I ſhall be clothed;" for he will no doubt furniſh me with all that, and a place of ſhelter alſo.

In the fifth verſe I have an excellent leſſon againſt all pride and vanity. If Solomon in all his glory (who, I have read in the ſcriptures, was the richeſt man that ever was, or ever will be) was not to be compared even with a flower, a lily, how little have I to be vain of!

The ſixth and ſeventh verſes ſhow me, that as all things were created for man, it is a proof that God will never forget thoſe for whom he has created them: and moreover, I am here informed, that not only the good things of this life are ours,

ours, but that our heavenly Father has prepared an everlasting kingdom for his little flock, as he styles us, that is, all good children and good people.

In the two following verses I see what a poor creature I am, only food for worms; and how great was the goodness of the Son of God, in dying to save even children! What have I to offer him in return? What does he desire for all he has already done, and is still doing for me? He only requires that I would love him with all my heart and soul, and give myself wholly up to him, which in the last verse I sincerely pray that I may be able to do, which I assuredly shall, with his blessing; and then I know when I die, I shall gain that heavenly home which he has promised.

Polemon. Very well indeed, my dear Henry, very well explained! Your mother, I am sure, must be an excellent woman, and her pupil does her great credit. When we hear children converse so seriously and sensibly, we almost forget that they are children; and look upon them as our companions. It is a real pleasure to instruct those who desire instruction; and as I now find you are one, I know you will pay attention to what I am about to say.

I am going to ſpeak of the human race, and how far our capacity for knowledge extends.

THE PASTOR's DISCOURSE.

" The Almighty has made man out of the duſt of the earth; he has given light to the world, and life to nature. We exiſt; we feel, ſee, hear, ſmell, taſte, and think; there the faculties of our being are bounded; for, as much as thought appears to be without limits, all that ſurrounds us is ſo much above our underſtanding, that our imagination itſelf cannot lift up one corner of the veil that the Creator has thrown over his work, after having organized the matter.

" Yes, the more we wiſh to get at the cauſe of things, the more we wiſh to ſearch into them, and the more our weakneſs and our nothingneſs manifeſts itſelf: even the objects which are the moſt ſuitable to our underſtanding, which appear the moſt ſimple, are to us, when we would reflect on them, inſoluble problems.

" We walk on the graſs in the fields; we breathe the perfume of the flowers; we gather the

the various coloured fruits; and not one of us, notwithſtanding, can comprehend by what hidden means the graſs that we tread under feet grows, and is green; not one of us can tell by what prodigious art that roſe, and this blue-bottle, are impregnated with odoriferous particles, whoſe exhalations affect our ſmell ſo agreeably; not one of us is able to explain by what immenſe power the ſap, in circulating in the branches of a tree, brings forth fruit, that quenches our thirſt and ſatisfies our hunger.

"In ſhort, our knowledge is ſo confined, that even our very exiſtence is a thing incomprehenſible to us.

"The man who ſees, feels, palpitates, has not yet been able from the beginning of ages to diſcover or divine where the power of action reſides, that makes the lip move, that digeſts the food, nor how, and by what means, this ſame food transforms itſelf into rivulets of blood, which make the heart palpitate, and give ideas to the brain.

"If, then, my dear Henry, divine wiſdom has willed that the exiſtence of objects terreſtrial, and ſubject to our ſenſes, is to us an impenetrable ſecret, how much leſs right has man to deſire to penetrate into things purely celeſtial!

"We are then ignorant of the rewards and

puniſhments which are reſerved for us by eternal Juſtice: but, my young friend, what it concerns us to be acquainted with, and what we all know, is, that eternal Juſtice exiſts; that all, how many ſoever we may be, muſt one day give him an account of our actions: and, moreover, as God is the ſource of all goodneſs, it is certain that he will diſtinguiſh the righteous from the wicked; the hard-hearted man from the charitable and compaſſionate man; the good ſon from the unnatural ſon; and the philanthropiſt from the aſſaſſin.

THE FAREWELL.

"Remember, therefore, my child," continued Polemon, "what I have juſt told you, that no one has come from the other world to inform us what has happened there: what is very certain, and what the firſt notions of reaſon teach us, when it is not blinded by fables, is, that the good will be rewarded, and the wicked puniſhed; but what ſort of rewards and puniſhments they will be, is what God has hid from us with as much care as he has employed

ployed in ſealing up from us the inſtant of our death.

" Speaking of the good in the Book of Life he expreſsly ſays, ' Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear ' heard, neither have entered into the heart ' of man, the things which God hath prepared ' for them that love him'."

As Polemon finiſhed theſe words, Henry perceived a carriage come out of the wood: it was Almanzor's, as well as his coachman, who drove Mr. Grenville to Hawthorn Vale.

To deſcend the hill with the ſwiftneſs of an arrow, and to fly to meet his father, was, for Henry, the buſineſs of a moment. He ruſhed into Mr. Grenville's arms, who had not reſolution to ſcold him, ſo much was he himſelf moved, and ſo many careſſes did his ſon make him.

Mr. Grenville, who was in haſte to return home, where his perſonal affairs called him, had only time to thank Polemon; and after having promiſed that he would come and ſee him, and expreſſed his ardent deſire to make acquaintance with him, he placed his ſon in the carriage, and ordered the coachman to return.

Polemon embraced Henry before they parted; and Henry returned his embraces with ſo much warmth, bade him adieu ſo tenderly, thanked him

him for all his kindneſs and the care he had teſtified for him, that the paſtor could not help preſſing him to his heart, and ſaying, "Henry, ſometimes think on me."—"As long as I live," replied Henry.

THE FIGHT.

Almanzor's horſes were as ſpirited as they were handſome. The coachman, very clever in his ſituation, made them go with rapidity: the ſtones ſtrike fire, the duſt flies in all directions: they get into a narrow road where a carriage with two horſes can hardly paſs in ſafety without the riſk of being overturned, and of rolling to the bottom of a ſteep hill.

Over againſt Almanzor's coachman came a carter alſo, and nearer than he in entering the difficult way: but jealous of going over it before him, and thinking that it was his right to go firſt becauſe he drives a gilded coach, and the other only drives a cart, the coachman doubles his pace, and cries out to the carman, who is coming towards him, not to advance till he ſhould have paſſed.

The carter pays no attention to what the

coachman ſays; he alſo whips up his horſes, and finds himſelf in the middle of the road, at the ſame time with the carriage where Mr. Grenville was. The horſes are face to face: the road is ſo narrow, that it is impoſſible that a carriage ſhould turn out of the way to let another paſs it.

The coachman, piqued at the carter's reſiſtance, ordered him to draw back: the thing was difficult; the carter obſerved, that he was the firſt who entered into this road, and that it was he, on the contrary, who muſt put back. Neither of them will ſtir; from thence they come to abuſe, from abuſe to menaces, and from menaces to ſtrokes of the whips.

The coachman ſprings down from his box, and ruſhes on the carter; they clench their fiſts, knock one another down reciprocally with blows with their fiſts, and roll under the horſes, notwithſtanding the ſcreams of Henry, and the repreſentations of Mr. Grenville, who could not bring about the parting of them, till it was almoſt impoſſible for them to fight any longer.

"I inſiſt," ſaid Mr. Grenville, to the coachman, "on your backing your horſes: it is you who are in the wrong; that man was the firſt in the road. If you do not obey me inſtantly, on arriving at Almanzor's I will get you diſmiſſed from his houſe."

The

The coachman obeyed without ſaying a word; but time was neceſſary for the doing of this operation; the wiſh to go very faſt, and the little complacence he had ſhown, were the cauſe, inſtead of arriving ſooner, of being an hour later than he ought to have been.

"See," ſaid Mr. Grenville to Henry, "what is got by hurrying too much, and not being civil. He has been ill-treated; he has delayed his journey; and made himſelf liable to loſe his place, for not being willing to do right of his own accord, which he is now obliged to do from neceſſity."

THE GOOD YOUNG MAN.

As the going the road back again, which the coachman was obliged to do, to let the cart paſs, belonging to the carman with whom he had the diſpute, could not be effected in a moment, Mr. Grenville and his ſon alighted from the carriage, to get on before.

They perceived, at ſome diſtance, an old man ſitting on a ſtone at the road ſide where they were going to paſs: a young man was helping him to take off his ſhoulders a conſiderable load

load of dead wood that this old man undoubtedly had juſt collected in the foreſt; and the young man, after having placed it on his own back, ſet forwards towards the next village.

"Honeſt friend," ſaid Mr. Grenville to the old man, when he was near enough to ſpeak to him, "there is no doubt but that he who came to eaſe you of the weight of your burden is your child: you ought to bleſs God for having given you ſo reſpectful a ſon."

"He does not belong to me," replied the aged man; "neither is he of the ſame village as I am, and I am even ignorant of his name: all I can tell you is, that he is hardly ſeventeen years old, and that his phyſiognomy, which is as ſweet as it is agreeable, is the mirror that reflects the fineſt ſoul.

"Now and then I ſee him walking here, in theſe environs, with a book in his hand, and reſting himſelf at the entrance of the wood. The other day, when the heat was greater than uſual, and I was ſweating great drops under the boughs with which I was loaded, I was going to quench my thirſt with water from a ſpring, near which I happened to ſit; he oppoſed my drinking it, telling me that the coldneſs of that water would do me harm; and drawing from his pocket a little bottle full of

wine,

wine, he inſiſted on my drinking half, and afterwards forced me to put the little bottle and what it ſtill contained, into my pocket, to refreſh me again, he told me, when I ſhould be at home.

"To-day, when my load was ſtill heavier than that was the other time, he knew me afar off, ran to me, and has got me out of my trouble, in ſpite of myſelf; and is himſelf carrying it into my cottage."

"Good young man!" exclaimed Mr. Grenville; "may Heaven watch over his days!—And you do not know his name?"—"I have already told you that I am ignorant of it; but, at the worſt, if you are ſo curious to know it, you may eaſily ſatisfy yourſelf; this brave boy is before us, and by quickening your ſteps, you will overtake him in about ten minutes."

ALEXIS.

Mr. Grenville having taken Henry by the hand, and walked on ſharply for ſome time, eaſily came up with the young man. He accoſted him, and inquired if it were not impertinent to aſk to know his name.

"I am

"I am named Alexis."

Mr. Grenville. Do you live far from here?

Alexis. Two miles off, in a village called Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Grenville. Are you with your parents?

Alexis. I am with my mother: I loſt my father at two years of age.

Mr. Grenville. And what does your mother do?

Alexis. Having ſold all that ſhe poſſeſſed, to procure me education, ſhe has retired into the country, where we live by the labour of her hands.

Mr. Grenville. And in what way, my friend, are you?

Alexis. I have juſt finiſhed my ſtudies, and would wiſh to find a ſituation; but without acquaintance and protection it is very difficult to gain one.

Mr. Grenville. You weep, Alexis.

Alexis. And who would not weep in my place? My mother was not accuſtomed to be in want of neceſſaries! My mother was not uſed to be forced to work! It is for my ſake that ſhe is reduced to the ſtate in which I ſee her; to a ſtate that makes her ſhed tears, which ſhe takes care to hide from me: her troubles are at the height, and mine will never end until I

can

can make her amends for her ſufferings, and repay her the innumerable ſacrifices ſhe has made for me.

Mr. Grenville. And you live at Strawberry Hill?

Alexis. At Strawberry Hill, juſt by here.

Mr. Grenville. Farewell, Alexis!

THE TEA-BOARD.

Mr. Grenville, on his arrival at Almanzor's, made haſte to rejoin his wife, and to return to town, where his buſineſs called him.

Maria, who was left by all her family, had not conſtantly been under the eye of her nurſe Harriet. Maria was exceſſively fond of ſweet things, and we often go great lengths to ſatisfy our appetite.

She knew where the key of a cupboard was kept, that held preſerves, prunes, dried cherries, and many other nice things of that ſort, which her mother never made uſe of, but when ſhe had company at her table.

Maria took advantage of the moment when Harriet was gone out, to take the key and open the cupboard. As the ſhelves were much too

high for her to reach them without the aſſiſtance of ſomething, ſhe placed a chair on an arm-chair, mounted firſt on the one, from thence on to the other, and then, clinging to the ſhelves, ſhe was able to reach a bag of biſcuits: ſhe threw the bag on the ground, and afterwards got down to pick it up; but the hurry in which ſhe had made this expedition, and the fear that ſhe felt of being caught in it, made her take ſo few precautions, that ſhe overſet a tea-table, whereon ſtood a tea-board of china, of which all the cups, and, in ſhort, every thing was broken by the fall that ſhe had occaſioned.

Terrified at what ſhe had done, and frightened leſt they ſhould happen to find it out, ſhe made haſte to ſhut up the cupboard, carry back the key to the ſame place where ſhe had taken it from; and putting the biſcuits into her pocket, ſhe collected all the bits of china which were on the floor, and ran to bury them under a dung-hill that ſhe found in the inner yard.

Then well ſatisfied that they could not convict her of the fault ſhe had juſt committed, ſhe cheered up again, and began to eat the biſcuits that ſhe had ſtolen.

But as Maria was not hungry, and as fear had overcome her, ſhe had not eaten ſix before ſhe was almoſt choked, and for want of being able to procure

procure herſelf any thing to drink in the hidden place where ſhe was obliged to keep herſelf ſhut up, ſhe got rid of the biſcuits in the ſame manner as the broken china; and did not dare keep a ſingle one, for fear that if ſhe ſhould be ſearched they might appear againſt her.

THE RETURN

Her appetite ſatisfied, with ſo much pain and ſo little pleaſure, Maria repented of not having reſiſted it; and felt the full extent of her fault.

Her trouble increaſed much more, when ſhe heard the carriage arrive that brought Mrs. Grenville back: ſhe no longer had any command over herſelf; ſhe who the moment before committing her fault ſo ardently deſired her mother's return, would have now wiſhed that ſhe might not have come for a long time; and inſtead of that inward ſatisfaction and content which we experience on again ſeeing our parents, when we have behaved well, and acquitted ourſelves of our duties during their abſence, ſhe was extremely uneaſy, and dreaded their preſence.

At firſt ſhe would have gone and thrown herſelf

ſelf at Mrs. Grenville's feet, owned to her what had paſſed, and begged her to forgive her for it. Why did ſhe not follow this firſt impulſe? It was that of her heart, that of a child whom diſſimulation has not yet corrupted. An avowal ſo painful to make would have deſerved that her fault ſhould be forgot; ſhe would have diſarmed her mother by her ſincerity, and ſpared herſelf much ſorrow; for Maria was poſſeſſed of feeling.

Whatever might be the conſequence, Maria kept it to herſelf, and ſhe did wrong.

Mrs. Grenville, who held it as a principle, that the beſt way not to be pilfered by ſervants was not to put any thing under key, and that leaving every thing at their command is forcing them to render themſelves worthy of entire confidence, did not run to viſit her ſtore-room, therefore did not immediately perceive what was wanting.

She inquired of Harriet how Maria had behaved to her, who, doubting nothing, made the beſt report of her charge, and took care to let her mother know, how neatly ſhe had folded up her clothes, and taken out the ſpots which ſhe found in them.

Mrs. Grenville congratulated her daughter, embraced her, and promiſed that if ſhe would always

always behave the ſame, ſhe ſhould not be deprived another time of the pleaſure of going into the country, and of entertainments to which ſhe might be invited in future.

Maria, who felt guilty, found not that delight in her mother's embraces which they generally gave her. She knew that ſhe did not deſerve them; and they were to her more of a weight than a pleaſure.

THE REWARD.

Mr. Grenville, whoſe mind was entirely taken up with Alexis, neglected his own affairs, to reflect on this virtuous young man's concerns.

His firſt care was to haſten to the houſe of a receiver of the impoſts of the town where he lived. He wanted a confidential man who knew how to write; he was rich and benevolent. On the account that he gave him of the conduct and actions of Alexis, this financier, a widower, without children, offered to employ, and even adopt him in the end, if his future behaviour ſhould correſpond with his paſt deeds.

Mr. Grenville, at the height of his wiſhes, returned home, and immediately wrote the following note to Alexis:

"Haſte,

"Haſte, my dear Alexis! I have juſt found an excellent employment for you, which will put it into your power to ſatisfy the ardent deſire that you have of ſuccouring a beloved mother. Do not forget that your virtues have procured it, and that good actions never go unrewarded.

"I expect you to dinner to-day.

"GRENVILLE."

THE UNTRUTH.

Alexis and his mother came to thank Mr. Grenville, and entered the town at the ſame time as the meſſenger who had carried them the note.

Mr. Grenville, cutting ſhort the thanks that this reſpectable mother made him, told her that it was he who was delighted with having made acquaintance with her ſon, and that he was anxious to deſerve their regard: he alſo kept the mother of Alexis to dinner, and would not let her return to Strawberry Hill till her ſon was fixed in the ſituation that was deſtined for him.

Mrs. Grenville, though frugal in private, kept a very handſome table when ſhe had company, which ſeldom happened: ſhe therefore

ordered more diſhes than uſual; and making ready to prepare ſome plates for the deſſert, which ſhe always arranged herſelf, ſhe went to open the cupboard where Maria had committed her theft.

It is difficult to paint Mrs. Grenville's ſurpriſe at not finding a ſingle biſcuit, and at perceiving that the china tea-things, which ſhe very ſeldom uſed, had diſappeared.

She did not let her emotion be ſeen by the ſtrangers who were at her houſe, but ſhe haſtened to find Harriet, and to aſk if ſhe knew what was become of them. The aſtoniſhment of the nurſe was unequalled; and ſhe declared that ſhe knew nothing about what was aſked of her.

There was no room to ſuſpect Harriet; they knew that ſhe told the truth; and during twelve years that ſhe had been in the houſe they had never had the leaſt doubt of her fidelity.

The cook was alſo queſtioned. As ſhe was occupied in putting back her copper ſtew-pans which were on the fire, ſhe did not make much reflection on what Mrs. Grenville ſaid to her; and as the latter inſiſted, little was neceſſary to make old croſs Martha ſay ſomething unpleaſant.

"Do you think," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe turned her ſpit, and ſeaſoned her ragouts, "if I had want-

ed

ed to rob my maſter, that I ſhould have waited to begin this fine trade till I had attained the age you now ſee? I never ſet a foot in your apartment; if I had wiſhed to ſteal any thing, there are things of more value than your china paſs through my hands every day; and I ſhould not have been queſtioned about matters of this ſort; and furthermore, at any rate," added ſhe, "I am not a ſervant of yeſterday, I am known; and if you are not ſatisfied, you have only to ſpeak. I ſhall not break the conditions."

In reality, Martha paſſed for an honeſt and excellent ſervant, excepting her haſty and bad temper; and Mrs. Grenville, who ſaw ſhe had no need to have made application to her, took care not to perſiſt in it any more. She then went to Maria, and aſked her if ſhe had not taken any thing out of the ſtore-room, or if ſhe had not ſeen any perſon go to it? Maria anſwered, "No;" and this no, once let out, ſhe affirmed with as much ſtedfaſtneſs and audacity as any one older than herſelf could have done.

If there had only been biſcuits ſtolen, Mrs. Grenville might have perhaps queſtioned her daughter further; ſhe might have perhaps, by urging it, wreſted the truth from the mouth of Maria, whoſe confuſion might have detected the falſehood: but what could ſhe do with the china?

china? It could be of no uſe to her; and that was what induced Mrs. Grenville to believe her daughter.

There then remained only one perſon on whom ſuſpicion could fall; that was poor Cicely, aged ſixteen; young, and without experience, and only kept in the houſe to keep clean and take care of the yard, which had been confided to her care during two months that ſhe had lived at Mr. Grenville's. When ſhe was aſked if ſhe had not taken any thing, ſhe ſtood ſpeechleſs, and was ſo terrified with the menaces that were made her, in caſe ſhe would not tell the truth, that ſhe knew not how to anſwer, and turned as pale as if ſhe had been really guilty of the crime with which ſhe was accuſed.

Her tears were her only defence; but as tears are not always the voucher of innocence, as beſides ſhe had been in the houſe but two months, and as it was impoſſible to ſuſpect Harriet and Martha of perfidy of this nature, Mrs. Grenville turned away the unfortunate Cicely, who, choked with ſobs, could only pronounce theſe words, "It is not I, I aſſure you that it is not I."

Maria, who was witneſs to Cicely's lamentations and diſmiſſal, was broken-hearted: if ſhe had not been poſſeſſed of ſenſibility, if ſhe had

not

not then felt the firſt ſting of conſcience for her crime, Maria muſt have been a deteſtable child.

Unfortunately, ſhe had aggravated her fault by one ſtill greater; by the untruth ſhe had told her mother, and which ſhe had affirmed with all the boldneſs poſſible: the avowal ſhe had to make at that moment, to clear Cicely of the diſhoneſty of which ſhe was ſuſpected, was much more humiliating than if ſhe had to own only her greedineſs, as ſhe had a mind to have done the firſt moment. Maria's faults were ſo increaſed, and there appeared to her ſuch ſhame in diſcloſing them, that ſhe ſtill kept ſilence, and Cicely left the houſe ſuſpected of being a thief and a glutton.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF TELLING AN UNTRUTH.

Maria, who at the firſt moment of committing her fault, and of the untruth that ſhe had told to hide it, had not foreſeen that another could become the victim of it, was really diſtreſſed when ſhe ſaw that her mother had turned out of doors as guilty that innocent girl.

But her grief increaſed much more, when ſhe knew that Cicely had tried to get a place elſewhere; that the perſon to whoſe houſe ſhe was going had been to inquire her character of Mrs. Grenville, who had deterred her from taking Cicely, by telling her that ſhe was inclined to more than one fault, and that, above all, her honeſty was not well eſtabliſhed.

What at laſt completely filled up the meaſure of Maria's diſtreſs, and what contributed the moſt to take from her all tranquillity, was the following letter which Cicely got written to Mrs. Grenville:

"I am poor, and without parents; nothing was left me but my good character to help me to get my bread by the ſweat of my brow: you have taken it from me unjuſtly; but you will anſwer for it before God, who is witneſs of my innocence.

"CICELY."

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Mr. Grenville was with his wife when this letter was brought to her: he ſaw that his Emily

Emily was troubled by it, took it out of her hand, and read it aloud. "The guilty do not ſpeak thus," ſaid he; and making a ſign to Henry and Maria to leave the room—"You were in too great haſte, my dear," continued he, "to ſend away that girl.

"Appearances ſeldom ought to determine our judgment. When the honour, probity, or reputation of ſome one is the matter in queſtion, it ought not to be pronounced without a thorough inveſtigation of the ſubject; and in that caſe, ſuſpicions are never certainties.

"Cicely appears to be innocent of what you accuſe her of; it is already a great misfortune for her, if ſhe be not really guilty, the having hindered her from being taken into another houſe; but what reproaches would you not have to make yourſelf, if, having made it impoſſible for her to ſubſiſt by her labour, you ſhould be the cauſe of her miſconduct, and of her not reſiſting the vices to which young people of her age are but too much expoſed when poverty reduces them to deſpair?"

THE REPARATION.

Maria, heavy, and eating nothing during many days, at laſt fell ſick with the grief that her fault had occaſioned her, and the deplorable ſtate to which ſhe had reduced Cicely.

A violent fever conſumed her; ſhe had an oppreſſion at her heart, and a weight on her breaſt, which impeded her breathing. As long as her mother was with her, ſhe did not open her mouth, but as ſoon as ſhe was left alone, or that ſhe perceived only Henry at her bedſide, "Ah! Cicely, Cicely!" ſighed ſhe.

The diſorder increaſed ſo much that ſhe became light-headed, and they were obliged to ſit up with her. Mrs. Grenville and Harriet paſſed the nights with her alternately. One evening, when ſhe recovered her ſenſes, and perceived only Harriet by her pillow, ſhe ſeized her hand, and placed it on her heart, ſaying, "Ah! my dear nurſe! I feel too clearly that I muſt die, if I do not eaſe myſelf inſtantly of the weight which deſtroys me. O! it lies heavy here! Make haſte to go and tell mamma that all my illneſs is in conſequence of my having deceived her; that Cicely is innocent of what ſhe is accuſed of; and that it is I who, in ſtealing the biſ-

cuits

cuits in the cupboard, have broken the china tea-things, the pieces of which I hid, that my greedineſs might not be ſuſpected.

"Already," continued Maria, "I feel relieved by the avowal which I have juſt made you; but I ſhall be much more ſo when I know that my mamma ſhall have been informed of what I now tell you, and that ſhe ſhall have repaired her injuſtice to Cicely.

"Make haſte to let her know what I have juſt told you; but tell her, at the ſame time, that I dread her preſence; and that if the confeſſion of my fault ſhould prevent me from dying of grief this time, I think that on ſeeing her I ſhall die with ſhame."

Harriet did not heſitate about going immediately to fulfil the commiſſion which Maria had juſt given her. Mrs. Grenville, who was already in bed, aroſe precipitately.

If her daughter's fault, the untruth that ſhe had told to hide it, and the fatal conſequences which had been the reſult of this untruth, with regard to poor Cicely, appear to her very ſerious things, what her daughter had ſuffered on this occaſion, the painful confeſſion that ſhe had juſt made, and the ſtate in which ſhe now was, determine her to give her conſolation, inſtead of aggravating her diſorder, in making her reproofs

ſhe had but too well deſerved, but which, notwithſtanding, were become uſeleſs, ſince ſhe felt her faults with ſufficient force, to have been affected by them even to the loſs of her health.

Mrs. Grenville therefore ran into her daughter's room, threw herſelf into her arms, and kindly removing her fears, mixed her own tears with hers. She conjured her, for her ſake, not to afflict herſelf; and promiſed her that in a ſhort time the miſchief ſhould be repaired.

Accordingly, the following morning Mrs. Grenville ſent for Cicely to come to her. She wrote to the perſon to whom ſhe had given a bad character of her, to be at her houſe at the ſame hour; and when they both arrived, Mrs. Grenville begged Cicely to forgive her injuſtice; told her that if ſhe would come to live with her again, ſhe might; and that henceforth ſhe would do every thing in her power to repair the wrongs which ſhe had done with reſpect to her.

Cicely was at the ſummit of joy; eſpecially when ſhe ſaw Maria enter, who, ſtill weak and trembling, threw herſelf on her neck, ſaying, that it was ſhe who had been the cauſe of her trouble, but that ſhe earneſtly entreated her to forgive her for it, and that ſhe would endeavour to make her forget it.

Poor Cicely deſired nothing more than to re-

ſume

ſume her old duties. Every one in the houſe was pleaſed, for Cicely was ſenſible and very obliging.

From that time, always faithful and induſtrious, Cicely has lived with Mrs. Grenville, whoſe eſteem and friendſhip ſhe has gained.

"Do you ſee," ſaid Mr. Grenville to Henry, who was acquainted with what had juſt happened, "what it coſts not to tell the truth, and what trouble your ſiſter would have ſpared herſelf as well as Cicely if ſhe had not told her mother a falſehood?

"What ſhe has ſuffered is a leſſon ſufficiently ſtrong for the future; ſhe will not again fall into the ſame vice. May her example be of uſe to you; and above every thing, my dear child, remember that there is nothing more odious than lying. If you were once caught in falſehood, every body would deſpiſe you; they would no longer place any dependance on what you ſay; and if you were to tell the real truth, they would no longer believe you."

THE MORAL.

O! if children could but know all that it coſts their parents to bring them up, what pains, what uneaſineſs, their infancy cauſes them, the nights they paſs with them, the care they muſt beſtow on them, the tears that the infirmities to which they are liable make a tender mother ſhed, the grief that they cauſe their parents by their vices, as ſoon as they get a little older; if children could appreciate the tenderneſs they feel for them, the pain, the innumerable ſolicitudes of which they are the object, how they would ſtudy to give ſatisfaction to their fathers and mothers, and endeavour to repay them for their trouble!

Children, apply yourſelves betimes to make your parents amends, by your love and attention, for the cruel uneaſineſs that you have given them, or you will one day render an account of your ingratitude to Him who ſees all.

THE BAD WOMAN.

Maria began to conduct herſelf very properly, by an entire obedience to her mother's will, by unbounded ſubmiſſion, and the moſt aſſiduous care to pleaſe; ſhe tried to make her forget, or at leaſt to make amends for a fault which was no longer ſpoken of; as they clearly ſaw that ſhe knew its full extent.

But have fathers and mothers one moment's tranquillity with children? A week had not elapſed ſince the ſcene that Maria had occaſioned had paſſed, before another preſented itſelf of a new ſort, and no leſs diſagreeable for Mrs. Grenville.

Mr. Grenville, whoſe ſtudy was not far from his wife's apartment, heard a noiſe there, and haſtened to her.

Having opened the door ſuddenly, he perceived a woman who was in the moſt violent fit of paſſion, and who threw out the moſt groſs and abuſive language againſt his Emily.

Scarcely had he entered, when Mrs. Grenville threw herſelf on his neck, crying, "Come to my aſſiſtance, my love, come to my aſſiſtance."

"What is the meaning of all this?" aſked Mr. Grenville.

"Alas!" ſaid Mrs. Grenville, "I cannot tell you."

"Yes," continued the woman, ſtriking her fiſt on the table, "I will let you ſee with whom you have to do; I will teach you how to treat me in this manner. Do you imagine, becauſe you are a merchant's wife, that you will be permitted to ill-treat poor people? Your ſervant, Madam, your ſervant; I promiſe you that it ſhall coſt you dear; and that before long you ſhall hear of me."

"But, Mar'm," ſaid Mr. Grenville to this woman, "what do you mean by this tone? do you forget whoſe houſe you are in? and if you have any cauſe for complaint, cannot you make it quietly?"

Bad Woman. I beg your pardon, Mr. Merchant; do not ſpeak ſo lofty; begin by correcting your wife a little, and then you ſhall ſpeak. Do you underſtand me?

Mr. Grenville. And pray then, what has my wife done to you?

Bad Woman. What has ſhe done to me? Can you poſſibly aſk me what ſhe has done to me?

Mr. Grenville. Undoubtedly, ſince I do not know it; and ſhe is perhaps ignorant of it herſelf.

Bad Woman. What ſhe has done to me? Has not ſhe ſaid that I was a diſſolute woman; that my houſe was in diſorder; that my bad behaviour was the cauſe of my huſband's leaving me; and that they took the young people from me who had been placed in my care to learn millinery, for fear that I ſhould corrupt them? Has not ſhe ſaid too, that I was always drinking? And if I were to drink, what is that to her? Is it ſhe who gives me money to ſatisfy my palate? What buſineſs is it of hers? What has ſhe done to me! In a ſhort time you ſhall know what ſhe has done to me.

Mr. Grenville. But perhaps my wife may not have ſaid theſe things. Whom do you have them from?

Bad Woman. Whom do I have them from? and what is that to you, whom I have them from, provided they come through a good channel?

Mr. Grenville. And that is what is of conſequence to be known.

Bad Woman. And that is what I ſhall not tell you.

Mr. Grenville. In that caſe get out of my houſe inſtantly; and if you think you have a right to complain, you know to whom you muſt addreſs yourſelf.

Bad Woman. Very well; then I will tell you that

that I got this information from Mr. Elliot's houſe.

Mr. Grenville. That is ſufficient; I ſhall examine into the affair directly, and if you be really injured, you ſhall be redreſſed immediately. Are you ſatisfied?

The wicked woman ſtill wanted to make a noiſe, but Mr. Grenville having poſitively declared that he would ſend for a conſtable to take her away, ſhe did not think proper to ſtay any longer; and after having let out ſome more impertinence, ſhe went away, ſhutting the doors with ſuch violence that the windows ſhook.

Look at poor Mrs. Grenville ſeated in an arm-chair, pale and trembling.

Mr. Grenville was alſo a little diſconcerted; he ſeated himſelf at the ſide of his wife, preſſed her hand, and after a few minutes ſilence, aſked her if ſhe recollected having ſaid any thing againſt that bad woman.

"I will tell you all, my dear," replied Mrs. Grenville. "Till lately this woman has been my milliner and mantua-maker, but ſo little attention was paid to her work, and ſhe was ſo dear, that I reſolved not to employ her. Beſides which, I had heard that ſhe led a diſorderly life; that ſhe received into her houſe people of bad character; and that ſhe waſted in two days, what ſhe earned

in

in three weeks. This information was given me by ſuch a reſpectable perſon, that it fully determined me to give my cuſtom to another.

"That is without doubt what has offended her. I may alſo have ſpoken of her houſe; for I was ſorry to ſee that a woman who could live happily if ſhe were orderly, would render herſelf unhappy, and drag other people into her loſſes by her extravagance and irregularities.

"As to the reſt, if I have ſaid any thing of that kind, I am very ſure that I have only ſaid it in this room; and I hope, my dear, that you know me poſſeſſed of ſufficient prudence, to believe that I would not have talked to ſtrangers of things which could occaſion us ſo much trouble."

THE LITTLE TATLER.

"I do recollect now," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "that you have ſpoken to me once on this ſubject; but what gives me real pain, and cauſes me uneaſineſs, is, that things which we ſay between ourſelves, ſhould be divulged. There muſt be ſome perſon in the houſe who tattles; I ſhall not be eaſy till I have hit upon ſome way to find it out."

He

He therefore wrote in the ſame inſtant to his neighbour Mr. Elliot, whoſe ſon was acquainted with Henry through their equality in point of age, and the nearneſs of their houſes. He gave a full account in his letter of all that had juſt happened; and begged him at the ſame time to examine and queſtion the people of his houſe, to know who had ſpread the report, and from whom that perſon had it.

Mr. Elliot replied immediately, that it was one of his women ſervants who had carried this account to the milliner, and that this ſervant had it from his ſon George, who had himſelf learned it of his playfellow Henry.

Mr. Grenville now knowing who the perſon was who reported to others what was ſaid in his houſe, had Henry called, and recounted to him, with grief painted on his face, the rude and unpleaſant treatment which his poor mother had juſt endured.

Henry was very much affected; particularly when he ſaw Mrs. Grenville pale, and her ſtrength exhauſted; he kiſſed her hand, and entreated her to compoſe herſelf, for fear that ſhe ſhould be ill.

"But," aſked Mr. Grenville, "do you know who has been the cauſe of all this trouble?"—"No, papa."—"It is you."—"I, papa?"—"Yes, Henry, yourſelf; by reporting out of the houſe

houſe what your mother had told me in ſecret, though before you."

"And how," replied Henry, "can I have reported any thing, when in my whole life I have never ſpoken to that milliner?"

"I can eaſily believe," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "that you have never ſpoken to that woman; but have you not repeated to your friend George what your mother has told me in confidence?"

Henry, confuſed, owned that he had told George; but added, that he could not have thought George was wicked enough to go and inform that vile woman.

"Neither is that what he has done," continued Mr. Grenville; "he has ſimply related it to his father's ſervant, not thinking any more than you perhaps, that ſhe would tell it again; but ſhe had nothing of more conſequence to do, than to carry this account to the milliner."

This explanation ſurpriſed Henry much, and gave him a great deal of uneaſineſs. He repeatedly kiſſed his mother's hands, bathed them with his tears, and begged her to forgive him; telling her that he could never have thought it could have ſuch terrible conſequences.

Harriet now entered the room to inform them that dinner was on table; but Mrs. Grenville ſaid that ſhe could not take any thing: Mr. Grenville,

Grenville, too much vexed to be able to eat, ordered Harriet to take away.

Henry, who ſaw clearly that it was the diſtreſs which they had felt, that hindered them from eating, was really in deſpair. He promiſed that from this time he would become more prudent; and that it ſhould never happen to him again, to tell what his father and mother might ſay to each other in confidence.

"I do not doubt," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "your being ſorry for having occaſioned us ſo much trouble; I believe alſo, that you take the firm reſolution of not being thoughtleſs any more; but I know not whether you will keep your word; whether you will be firm in your intention: it is therefore neceſſary for our peace, and for our perſonal ſecurity, that I look upon you during ſome time, as a child capable of betraying his father and mother, and that I ſend you away every time we ſpeak of any thing that we would wiſh kept ſecret."

Henry was faithful to his promiſe; and after his diſcretion had been put to the proof awhile, he was again permitted to be preſent at the converſations of Mr. and Mrs. Grenville.

THE HEN.

For ſome time Henry and Maria made it their ſtudy to pleaſe their parents. Formed to virtue by their example, and by mild leſſons ſuited to their age, they felt all the value of what was ſaid to them, and tried to deſerve the tenderneſs they had for them.

Notwithſtanding, childhood and youth are ſo liable to defects, that few days had paſſed before Mr. Grenville had ſome little wrongs to redreſs.

Children are our imitators, and that is one grand reaſon why grown people ought never to permit any thing to paſs before them that could give them an evil thought.

A child who had never had before his eyes any other examples than thoſe of beneficence and temperance, and who had it in his power likewiſe to witneſs the happy conſequences reſulting from the early practice of theſe virtues, would certainly make the moſt beneficent and temperate man.

Vices which ſtrengthen by uſe, eaſily loſe their power in the heart of a child, when we know how to root them out with precaution.

It was ſufficient for Henry to ſee his father's gardener working in the ground, and the flowers

grow,

grow, and become beautiful, to make him wiſh likewiſe to have a ſmall portion of ground, where he alſo might raiſe flowers.

He therefore had a little corner of ground of his own, which he cultivated by himſelf in his own way. This little garden was a dear ſpot; it was viſited a hundred times a day; it was turned up, dug, and again ſet to rights.

One day, when he had juſt ſown ſome ſeeds, and put every thing in the greateſt order in his way, he forgot to ſhut the door after him.

A hen took advantage of it, and got into the garden, as ſoon as he was at a little diſtance. One may eaſily imagine what havock ſhe made there, for ſhe inſtantly ſet about ſcratching up the earth to ſeek food, and deſtroyed the very bed where Henry had planted ranunculuſes.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Henry came again to the garden, and having perceived the hen, and the ravages which ſhe had juſt made, he put himſelf into an unuſual paſſion. "Stay," cried he, "wicked creature, ſtay; you ſhall pay me."

And he ran immediately to the door and ſhut it, to hinder the hen from eſcaping his vengeance; then taking ſand, lumps of earth, ſtones, and all that fell within his reach, he loaded the poor creature with them.

The hen was ſo much frightened, that ſhe knew not where to eſcape to, or where to hide herſelf: twenty times ſhe endeavoured to fly over the wall, but had not ſufficient ſtrength to reach it, and always fell back again: ſo that in one of her falls ſhe broke a pot where Henry had the moſt beautiful auriculas.

Henry was now no longer himſelf; he ran like one frantic acroſs the borders, cruſhed one while a tulip, then a hyacinth, and again collected ſtones to throw at the hen; but he had ſo little command of himſelf, that he miſſed his aim, and broke a pane in the window that overlooked the garden.

His fury was now at the height:—"You muſt die, abominable creature," cried he, taking the rake to knock her down; the ground receives the ſtroke, and the rake breaks: he ſeized the ſpade, and was going to have effectually killed the poor haraſſed hen, when Mr. Grenville, aſtoniſhed at the noiſe that the pane of glaſs had made in falling, and witneſs of his ſon's frenzy, all the fury of which he perceived from the window, came down to put a ſtop to his folly.

THE PERNICIOUS CONSEQUENCES OF PASSION.

"See, papa," ſaid Henry to Mr. Grenville, as far off as he perceived him, "ſee how much miſchief that wicked hen has done! Leave the door open, that I may at laſt drive her out."

"Ah!" replied his father, "why have you not at firſt left this ſame door open, and driven the hen out quietly? She would have gone out, and all this miſchief would not have happened.

"Is it poſſible that you poſſeſs ſo little good ſenſe, as to put yourſelf in a paſſion with a hen? do you not know that ſhe is deſtitute of reaſon, that ſhe is ignorant whether ſhe do right or wrong?

"It is not to do you harm, but to ſeek for food, that ſhe has ſcratched up your bed. If ſhe had ſcratched up the dunghill, you would not have found fault with it: how would you have the poor thing know what difference there is between a bed of ranunculuſes and a dunghill?

"It is you only who were wrong; it is you only who have occaſioned all the havock which ſhe has made. If you had taken care to ſhut the door on going out of the garden, the hen would not have been able to have got in; if after having

having been ſo heedleſs as to let her get in, you had driven her out quietly, without falling into a paſſion, and wanting to revenge yourſelf, there would not now have been either flower-pots, rake, or pane of glaſs broken; your tulips would not have been cruſhed, and the little damage that ſhe had committed, might have been eaſily repaired: you have more underſtanding than the hen, you are therefore more blameable than ſhe is.

"You ſee the conſequences of want of reflection, and not knowing how to keep your temper. Your firſt impulſe of paſſion, which you were not inclined to ſubdue, is the cauſe of the loſſes which you have ſuffered.

THE TENNIS-BALLS.

"But if the loſſes you have experienced through your fault; if the impulſe of paſſion that you have not had reſolution to ſurmount, has been pernicious to you in its conſequences," continued Mr. Grenville, "O how fatal may theſe tranſports of paſſion be in the ſequel, if you do not accuſtom yourſelf betimes to conquer them!

"I have ſeen, my ſon, a man periſh on the ſcaffold through not having known how to reſtrain the firſt fit of paſſion. This man was named Robinſon.

"His nephew was playing at tennis with one of his little companions, named Burton. Burton, without having any bad deſign, ſtruck Robinſon's nephew in the eye, and gave him a dreadful ſtroke.

"Robinſon flew in a paſſion at Burton, and abuſed him; Burton was ſaucy to him. Robinſon, exaſperated with paſſion, ſtretched him at his feet, and gave him a mortal blow.

"Burton's parents, in deſpair at the loſs of their ſon, proſecuted Robinſon with the utmoſt rigour. He was tried, condemned to die by the jury, and their judgment was executed: for he who kills a man wilfully and maliciouſly, without it be in his own defence, or without the law authorize it, is to be put to death as an example, and to expiate his crime; as the life of a man ought not to be made the play of the violence and paſſion of another.

"If therefore, at your early age, you will not take care to ſuppreſs the firſt tranſport of violent paſſion, it will at laſt hurt your health; for people have died in a fit of paſſion. It will make you hated by your fellow-creatures, it will impede

pede your perſonal advantage, as you have juſt proved; and perhaps it may carry you into difficulties which may coſt you either your reputation or your life."

The father contented himſelf with giving him this leſſon; but his Emily, rather more ſevere, for this time inſiſted that the money which was to have been employed in buying a ſet of balls for Henry, ſhould be deſtined to replace another pane inſtead of that which he had juſt broken.

Henry, obedient to the will of his mother, the extent of whoſe tenderneſs he knew, did not murmur; but endeavoured in the end to maſter his paſſion.

THE LITTLE SOCIETY.

Maria, as we have before obſerved, began to behave better; but as her illneſs had been very ſevere, and had much weakened her, ſhe had not yet been out; and her young friends came every evening to ſpend two or three hours with her.

While each was buſy at her work, Mrs. Grenville took care to divert them, by propoſing little plays, that always concluded with paying of forfeits, which they afterwards redeemed.

Mrs. Grenville was always at the head of these entertaining parties. Mr. Grenville assisted at them sometimes, and paid forfeits as well as the rest, which they had great pleasure in making him redeem.

One day, when the little society was more animated than ever, when a repast of pastry had been served up, and when a little white wine, that had been given all our charming guests to drink, had elevated their little heads, and untied all tongues, it was impossible to set themselves to their evening's employment; and they began play without troubling themselves with their work.

The first forfeit that chanced to come out, and which was to be redeemed, belonged to Mrs. Grenville. As it had been agreed, that all those who had given any, should be obliged to relate a tale, or some verses, to get them back again, Mrs. Grenville began hers in these words:

MODESTY.

"Charlotte," said Mrs. Grenville, "possessed great advantages over all her friends; she was handsome, and of a very good height, her face was also

alſo very engaging, and her complexion beſpoke health and gaiety.

"As Charlotte's father was rich, her mother ſpared no expenſe in her dreſs, and made it a pleaſure to buy her the moſt elegant clothes. But all theſe advantages were trifling, in compariſon with her other qualities.

"Charlotte had a great deal of ſenſe, and moreover an excellent memory; when any thing was taught her, ſhe ſeized it with quickneſs, and remembered it ſo well, that ſhe knew how to make uſe of it on a proper occaſion, and often related it word for word. With regard to the works particularly deſigned for the occupation of her ſex; it was ſufficient to ſhow her them once or twice, for her to catch and imitate them.

"So that ſhe was very ſoon cleverer than all her companions. She knew the names of the moſt remote towns, as well as thoſe which ſurrounded her; and the cuſtoms of foreign nations: ſhe played uncommonly well on the piano-forte, and accompanied it with her voice, which was a very fine one; and above all, ſhe knew how to make a ſhirt, knit a pair of ſtockings, and dreſs a dinner; in a word, Charlotte united uſeful talents to pleaſing accompliſhments, and brilliant gifts of the mind to exterior endowments.

"But with all theſe perfections, Charlotte

would have been deprived of the moſt eſſential, if at each opportunity where ſhe might have the power, ſhe had made a parade of her good qualities, and had always talked of them.

"For then ſhe would have been envied, and very often made game of; her companions would have been aſhamed of not being as pretty, or as clever as ſhe was; and to have no further occaſion to bluſh by the compariſon, they would have finiſhed with ſhunning her acquaintance, and avoiding meeting her.

"But Charlotte was far from being inclined to vanity from all theſe advantages; for Charlotte was modeſt.

"When ſhe paid a viſit to a young perſon whoſe parents were not ſo fortunate as hers, ſhe took care not to put on her fineſt clothes; ſhe always choſe a gown that was not more expenſive than that worn by the friends with whom ſhe was to be.

"When theſe ſame friends came to ſee her, ſhe always received them with open arms; and left them to chooſe the plays with which they would like to entertain themſelves.

"She carefully hid from others what ſhe knew, and furniſhed them with opportunities of ſhowing their knowledge and talents. She endeavoured to find out what her friends knew the beſt, or had learned the moſt perfectly; and with-

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out ſeeming to intend it, ſhe turned the conver-ſation on thoſe very ſubjects, that her compa-nions might have the pleaſure of talking, and doing ſo with advantage.

"If theſe ſame friends ſhowed her a ſtocking which they had knit, a piece of embroidery that they had ſhaded, or a dreſs which they were working for themſelves; if they ſung a ſong, or accompanied her on the harpſichord, Charlotte paid due reſpect, heard all with attention, and took care never to criticiſe any faults, but al-ways to praiſe what was well done.

"This behaviour pleaſed her friends ſo much, that they loved Charlotte like a ſiſter, and liked nothing ſo much as being with her.

"Notwithſtanding, none of them were igno-rant how greatly Charlotte was their ſuperior; but, far from conceiving any jealouſy at it, they praiſed her with all their hearts, and never let an opportunity ſlip of making her an eulogium."

Mrs. Grenville having [illegible] her ſtory, they returned her forfeit: and [illegible] Amelia, to redeem hers, repeated the following [illegible]

HUMANITY.

Written on seeing a fellow-creature in distress, whom I had not the power of relieving; and while reflecting how I could be of service, the much-wanted assistance was supplied by a more fortunate hand.

O that I had a wealthy store!
Then would I send relief;
No idle tears these founts should pour
Of unavailing grief.

Soft sympathy descends like rain,
And anxious looks around,
To see if no one feel thy pain,
And stay the bleeding wound.

Sweeter than honey is thine aid,
Thy form, thy face, thine air;
Humanity, thou loveliest maid,
Thou fairest of the fair!

Where, brightest influence, art thou fled?
Compassionate and bland,
Who oft hast sorrow captive led—
Extend thy friendly hand.

See, see, she comes! That placid eye
Speaks peace to mortal woe:
Still'd is the deep tumultuous sigh,
And hope begins to glow.

Blest

Bleſt is the gentle heart that feels
A fellow-creature's grief;
And bleſt the kindly hand that heals,
That brings the glad relief.

Thrice hail Humanity, thrice hail!
My breaſt make thine abode;
Walk with me through this tearful vale,
And led me to my God.

Amelia having concluded, the gentle Eliza began her ſtory.

THE DOG.

"Julia, a widow in the bloom of life, without children and parents; in a word, miſtreſs of her actions; had from her infancy contracted the ſweet habit of doing good. She knew how to employ herſelf uſefully; and the pleaſure that poſſeſſed moſt attraction for her, always had been to ſeek out the unfortunate, comfort them in their diſtreſſes, and relieve them.

"In ſhort, Julia was ſo compaſſionate, that

her pity not only extended to her fellow-creatures, but ſhe felt alſo for the cruelties which ſhe ſaw animals endure; particularly thoſe whoſe exiſtence could not be hurtful to ſociety.

"One day when ſhe was walking in the country, and when alone with her ſiſter, ſhe enjoyed in peace the recollection of the good ſhe had done, and of that which ſhe intended to do; ſhe continued her courſe to a bridge, under whoſe arch ſhe heard great cries of joy.

"Having diſtinguiſhed the voices of a number of children, ſhe wiſhed to know what was the cauſe of ſuch exceſſive mirth; and quickened her ſteps to get near them.

"Her ſurpriſe was unequalled, when ſhe perceived a dozen little ſhepherd-boys employed in drowning a ſpaniel, and that their general joy was occaſioned by the dexterity which they uſed in thruſting the poor animal back again into the water, every time he attempted to regain the edge to eſcape death.

"Julia ſent forth the moſt piercing ſcream; and having ſuſpended for a moment theſe children's barbarous amuſement, ſhe aſked them what harm that dog had done them, to cauſe him to be made to ſuffer in ſuch a manner, and to wiſh to drown him.

"They anſwered, that it was a dog that was loſt,

loſt, and being almoſt certain he would never find his maſter again, it was right to deſtroy him, that he might not go mad, and make great havock in the fields if he were many days without eating.

" ' But,' replied Julia, ' you might have been ' able, if that had been the caſe, to have diſpatch- ' ed him by a quicker method, without amuſing ' yourſelves with keeping him ſo long in pain. ' Sell him to me,' added ſhe. ' O, very willingly !' ſaid all the little ſhepherds; and then inſtantly drew the dog out of the river.

" Julia having given them ſome money, they were quite content; and Julia, on her ſide, was very well ſatisfied at having preſerved the life of this poor animal.

" She tied it, and led it home by a cord which the children gave her.

" When ſhe arrived at her houſe with this new purchaſe, each began laughing at the acquiſition, for the dog was extremely ugly; and as he ate what Julia had ordered to be given him with unequalled avidity, and they could hardly ſatisfy his hunger, they continued to divert themſelves at the expenſe of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and to tell her that ſhe had made a golden bargain.

" Julia had not taken the ſpaniel for its beauty, but becauſe it ſuffered at the moment that ſhe

had perceived it; and becauſe ſhe would ſnatch it from the cruel death which thoſe children pleaſed themſelves with making it endure.

"In the mean time, while trying to diſcover to whom he belonged, ſhe took all the care of him imaginable; and treated this poor animal ſo well, that he was continually fawning on her, and would not leave her.

"One fine froſty afternoon, when Julia had been to viſit and relieve a poor ſick cottager who lived at ſome diſtance, and was returning over the moor, attended only by her faithful companion, a very heavy fall of ſnow came on, which drifted to ſuch a degree, that, after ſtruggling againſt it ineffectually during ſome time, breathleſs, numbed, and unable to proceed another ſtep, ſhe ſate down on the ſnow. The poor animal fawned on her, jumped about her, licked her hand, and ſeemed to try by all the dumb ſhow in his power to invite her to go on. Finding all his endeavours uſeleſs, he at length picked up a glove which ſhe had dropped at her ſide, and went off at a great rate. As he ran very faſt, he was quickly at home; and by a loud ſcratching and barking at the door, ſoon gained admittance. One ſervant had already been ſent to the cottage, but had miſſed her, and the reſt were now much alarmed for the fate of their benevolent miſtreſs

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on ſeeing the dog return without her, only bringing her glove. The poor ſpaniel ran in and out at the door ten times in a minute, and careſſed each in turns. Two of the ſervants, aſtoniſhed at the animal, thought he perhaps wiſhed them to follow him, and might lead them to the place where he had left Julia; and ſo it proved: for this ſagacious creature never ſtopped till he had guided them to the very ſpot where his beloved miſtreſs was.

"Thus," added Eliza, "was Julia indebted for the preſervation of her life to the compaſſion ſhe had on the poor ſpaniel: for if it had not been for this ſenſible and faithful creature, ſhe muſt have been frozen to death."

They all praiſed the manner in which Eliza had recounted her little ſtory; and the eulogiums they gave her, emboldened the reſt, and animated them to ſurpaſs her if they could.

Henry's turn being come, he ſpoke thus:

THE PENKNIFE.

"Charles had once the folly to ſteal his father's penknife; he had ſold it for three halfpence to one of his ſchool-fellows; and he had employed the

the money in purchaſing cherries, which he ate with a ſufficient appetite.

"But this little pleaſure, which had laſted but a few minutes, was followed by ſorrow and regret, that laſted a long time.

"In ſhort, Charles's theft was not long in being found out. His ſchool-fellow's father having ſeen the penknife in his ſon's hand, and having learned of whom he had bought it, ſent back the penknife inſtantly to Charles's father, with a meſſage to know if he had given his ſon leave to ſell it.

"You may eaſily conjecture, that young Charles was ſeverely puniſhed; but the puniſhment which he received from his father was trifling in compariſon with what followed.

"All thoſe who lived in the ſame houſe with him, ſuſpected him the moment that they happened to miſs any thing; and each accuſed him with having taken it. They rummaged his pockets, room, books, and carried their ſuſpicions ſo far, as to inquire at the ſchool where Charles went, if he had not ſhown any ſuſpicious thing there.

"Judge if this ſort of diſtruſt did not cauſe him uneaſineſs. He often cried moſt bitterly at the injuſtice they did him; though he felt that he had but too well deſerved it. Let him ſay what he would of their wronging him, or

let

let him aſſert that he was incapable of doing what they accuſed him of, they did not continue to miſtruſt him the leſs; nor was it till after many years, and that he had given ſtrong proofs of his amendment, that the people with whom he lived reſtored him their confidence."

Thus ſpoke Henry. Maria, who, in this trait of diſhoneſty, thought ſhe remarked, though unjuſtly, ſome compariſon with the theft of the biſcuits, bluſhed ſeveral times, and was not able to redeem her forfeit, ſo big was her heart, and ſo full were her eyes of tears.

Her mother perceived it, and diſperſed her daughter's confuſion, by begging her companions to diſpenſe with her ſpeaking on account of the weak ſtate in which ſhe ſtill found herſelf; then preſſing her hand without any one obſerving it, ſhe kiſſed her forehead, and whiſpered in her ear, that ſhe ſhould always love her, and confide in her, for having confeſſed her fault.

Henry had ſcarcely finiſhed, before young Louiſa, an acquaintance and neighbour of Maria's, haſtened to ſpeak, that ſhe might get back the pin-caſe that ſhe had forfeited.

VERSES TO THE SPARROWS

FEEDING AT MY WINDOW, DURING A LONG AND VERY SEVERE FROST AND SNOW.

Come, poor ſparrows, at my call,
Fetch the crumbs I freely give;
Let no fear your breaſts appal;
Come to me, and eat, and live.

Snow's white mantle decks the ground,
Worms nor grain can you procure;
Icy fetters twine around
Nature, and her arm ſecure.

Every tree 's diſrob'd of green,
And the little feathery race
Cold and hungry now are ſeen:
In the ſnow their feet I trace.

Pecking here and there, they try
Some ſmall pittance to obtain;
Happy if they chance to ſpy
Aught to ſooth the gnawing pain.

See they come!—a downy flight;
Each accepts the proffer'd bread;
While my heart with fond delight
Seems, to ſee the hungry fed.

May I ever, ever feel
Pity for another's woe!
May I ſtrive each grief to heal,
And my mite with joy beſtow!

As I give, my God will bleſs;
He 'll increaſe my little ſtore;
I 'll his widows' wrongs redreſs,
Feed his hungry, clothe his poor.

Louiſa having done ſpeaking, they returned her pin-caſe.

Mr. Grenville's forfeit then came out; the little ſociety began laughing, and having clapped their hands, were ſilent to hear him ſpeak.

PRIDE.

"My children," ſaid he, "Mrs. Grenville has juſt made you ſenſible how amiable modeſty is, and all that was gained by making uſe of ſuch an eſſential quality; I wiſh to make you ſee, in my turn, how hateful pride is, and the troubles which it draws after it.

"Thibault, the ſon of an honeſt but poor huſbandman, enliſted for a ſoldier at the age of ſeventeen,

ſeventeen, and was placed in the number of the recruits.

" As he had profited by the leſſons of his village ſchoolmaſter, and conſequently knew how to read, write, and caſt accounts very well; a lucky circumſtance, that put it in his power to make known what he knew, procured him a corporal's ſituation, the ſecond year of his ſervice.

" War came unlooked for; and the firſt campaign that he made, he greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf. He punctually executed the orders which were given him, and if battle was in queſtion, he would much rather have ſuffered himſelf to be cut in pieces, than have run away.

" This exemplary conduct, ſupported during two campaigns, conciliated him the eſteem and good-will of his general, who made it a pleaſure to raiſe him by degrees to the rank of colonel, at the firſt opportunities of promotion that he had to make in the army.

" The name of Thibault was often inſerted in the gazettes, and every time that the village paſtor met with it, he ran to inform the brothers of Thibault, and read to them what concerned them.

" They

"They were proud of belonging to a man of his rank and acknowledged merit. They ſpoke of no one but him in all companies and ſocieties where they happened to be; and the idea alone of one day again ſeeing and embracing their brother Thibault, cauſed them the moſt lively joy. But ſhort was the duration of this pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

"With ſo many good qualities, Colonel Thibault had one fault, but a terrible fault; it was pride. He thought no perſon in the world was as clever or as valiant as himſelf: when he vouchſafed to open his mouth, he ſpoke only of himſelf: however foreign the converſation might be to his perſonal qualities or his military condition, he always had the ſecret of turning it on war; to find an opportunity of talking of his own exploits, which he had the talent of exaggerating. It was always about himſelf that he entertained the company in which he was; and in burning incenſe to his own honour and glory, he always took great care to undervalue the merit of the other officers, none of whom were perfect, and the major part were, in his opinion, full of faults, which he enumerated with ſatisfaction.

"A very extraordinary and unexpected event was the ſudden cauſe of Thibault's being ordered

dered into winter-quarters, ſix miles from the village where he was born.

" His two brothers had no ſooner learned this good news, than they made haſte to put on their Sunday clothes to go and ſee him. Powdered hair, white ſpatterdaſhes, and cloth coats, they would neglect nothing in their dreſs, which, never beleſs, favoured very much of the country, and the labour of the fields.

" Proud of again ſeeing, and of going to meet their brother, the colonel; they arrive at the place where he was ſtationed preciſely at the hour when his regiment was on parade; and every body ranged on a public place, enjoyed the pleaſure of ſeeing Thibault command, and of examining the ſoldiers' manœuvres.

" ' Is it you, my dear Edward?' cried the eldeſt brother, as far off as he could ſee him: ' is it really you? O how I have wiſhed to ſee ' you this long time! God be praiſed for hav- ' ing at laſt granted me the happineſs after ' which I have ſo ardently ſighed.' And in finiſhing theſe words, James would have thrown himſelf into the arms of the colonel, who, aſhamed to let it be ſeen that he belonged to people who were poor, and employed in the cultivation of the ground, puſhed him back without being inclined to embrace him.

" Richard,

"Richard, the ſecond brother, whom a ſimilar proceeding had not yet changed (becauſe he could not conceive that Edward would not acknowledge them, and he only preſumed that a long abſence having perhaps altered their features, it was not impoſſible but that the colonel might not recollect them), advanced, in his turn, nearer to him, and ſaid, 'Ah, what, our brother! Do you not remember James and Richard; and having often kept the flocks of our late poor father on the Berkſhire downs, on the banks of the river Thames? Do you no longer remember little Margery, whom you loved ſo much, and for whom you always made up bunches of ſtrawberries, when we went to ſeek ſome herb in the fields? If you knew how pretty ſhe is grown! She is a fine lady now, and married to the ſon of Joſeph the farmer, at the Old Hall. But how fine you look with your ſhoulder-knot! Come, then, that I may embrace you with my whole heart.'

"Thibault, in deſpair at paſſing for the brother of two peaſants, whoſe language and clothing made him bluſh, refuſed to know them again, and flung them off in the rudeſt manner.

"Theſe worthy men went away weeping at the affront they had juſt received.

"But

" But all the ſoldiers who had been witneſſes of this ſcene, murmured among themſelves, and whiſpered: ' Is it not ſhocking that our colo-' nel ſhould be aſhamed of his brothers becauſe ' of their poverty? Ought he not rather to be ' the prouder of having raiſed himſelf by his ' merit to the rank he has held, to that he ' now holds?'

" Thibault's pride did not the leſs increaſe from day to day. He deſpiſed every body, as much as every body deteſted him; even to wiſhing that, notwithſtanding his bravery, he was ſent out of the regiment.

" One day he was ordered to convoy a great number of waggons, loaded with proviſions, and deſtined for the army, with two hundred men. The enemy, hid in a wood near which the convoy was obliged to paſs, ſuddenly fell upon his poſts, killed a great part of them, and carried off the proviſions, after having diſperſed all the ſoldiers commanded by Thibault.

" On return to their quarters, Thibault received the moſt cutting reproaches; and all thoſe who had been preſent with him having declared to the general, that this loſs had not happened but in conſequence of the colonel's evil diſpoſition, he was immediately diſcharged,

to the great satisfaction of the whole regiment where he commanded.

"Thibault tried to place himself in another body of troops; but peace being concluded, Thibault's proffered services were refused. No longer receiving his pay, and not having yet had time to enrich himself in the army, he was forced to return to his village, and there cultivate the fields, as he had done in his youth.

"He still had the impudence to have himself called the Colonel; but all doors were shut against the colonel. Every one was aware of the affront which he had given his brothers; and no one would either see or speak to him. When digging the ground, or when he went to draw water from the river, the children pointed at him with their finger, saying, sneeringly, 'See, there is the gentleman colonel!'

"Without relations, without friends, detested by every body, he died in his native village, without leaving there any regret for him: and his unhappy fate gave rise to the proverb which says, 'Pride goes before a fall'."

Louisa's young brother, who had come to Mr. Grenville's with her, now spoke in his turn:

"I am going to repeat to you," said he, "some

" ſome verſes which my mamma has taught me to ſay by heart, and which ſhe wrote on our poor old dog.

VERSES TO MY DOG, ROVER,

WHEN GROWN OLD.

I love thee, honeſt fellow—faithful friend,
Although thou art grown old, and ſcarce can hear;
Still thou art fond thy miſtreſs to attend;
And I am fond, my dog, to ſee thee near.

As o'er the graſſy turf each morn I rove,
On the ſweet banks of yonder winding ſtream,
Or ſeek a ſhelter in the adjacent grove,
From burning Sol's too ſultry parching beam;

I love to ſee thee gambol at my ſide,
Or plunge thee in the cooling Serpentine;
Amid the glaſſy current ſmoothly glide,
Or at my feet in eaſy ſtate recline.

" Poor

"Poor dog," I cry, and gently ſtroke thy head;
"Alas, thou art almoſt blind! but what of that?
Still ſhalt thou ſhare my dwelling and my bread,
Still will I cheer thee with affection's pat."

I love thee, grateful creature!—whilſt I live
Never will I an aged friend forſake;
Thou lick'ſt my hand, as if to ſay, "Receive
The only thanks I have the pow'r to make."

Yes, yes, my friend! we know each other's true:
An old companion is to me moſt dear;
Rover loves me: and I, my dog, love you,
And hope to paſs together many a year.

The droll and ſympathetic manner in which the facetious little fellow rehearſed theſe verſes on his old favourite, diverted them all extremely, and none were backward in giving him his ſhare of praiſe.

The evening being already far advanced, many of Maria's companions were ſent for, to return to their parents. The little ſociety was therefore obliged to ſeparate; but the hope of re-

uniting again very ſoon, ſoftened all that was painful in the parting.

THE VILLAGE BOY;

A PASTORAL.

How happy in my native cot,
A mother's choiceſt flower!
Contented with my lowly lot,
I guileleſs paſt each hour.
No little bird was half ſo gay;
My face was mark'd with joy;
And every new revolving day
Heaven bleſs'd the village boy.

My lambs I rear'd with tender care;
No flock had fleece ſo fine:
I thankful ate my homely fare,
And milk'd my lowing kine.
At eve reclin'd by yon clear ſtream,
I tun'd my pipe with joy;
Or ſlumber'd in ſome pleaſing dream,
A happy village boy.

Thus it was that a young ſhepherd expreſſed himſelf in ſong, who, reclined in the ſhade of a thicket

thicket of hazel-trees, watched over his flock that paſtured in a neighbouring meadow.

Mr. Grenville, who had yielded with pleaſure to his ſon's wiſh of again ſeeing Polemon, and who was walking this way to take him to that reſpectable man's houſe, perceived the ſhepherd to be one of thoſe who came to ſeek him that night at Almanzor's, to bring him news of Henry, and to remove his fears on his account.

He went to him, ſhook hands with him, and after having given him new marks of his gratitude, left him, on informing himſelf which was the neareſt way to Polemon's houſe.

THE HONEST MAN.

Henry and his father had not the trouble of going as far as the paſtor's to meet with him; they had ſcarcely quitted the ſhepherd, when they ſaw Polemon coming towards them; who, having perceived from afar off his dear Henry, ran to him, and claſped him in his arms.

The firſt moment given to the effuſions of friendſhip, Polemon aſked Mr. Grenville if he counted on making a long ſtay at his houſe;

and, without waiting his anſwer, added, that if he had come to make only a ſhort viſit, he was preparing for him much ſorrow.

"Amiable and beneficent man!" ſaid Mr. Grenville, "I know all that you have done for my ſon, and what leſſons he has taken from you. I know all the goodneſs of your heart, and I hope one day to be happy enough to have it in my power to reunite us now and then, if my friendſhip is as agreeable to you, as yours is precious to me: but for the preſent my affairs do not permit me long to enjoy your ſociety. As to my ſon, who I know poſſeſſes a truly filial affection for you, he will remain ſome days in theſe parts, to profit by your wiſe counſels; on condition that every time he may come, if your occupation ſhould not hinder it, you will do me the pleaſure to accompany him back to my houſe, where I will make before hand a real entertainment, to teſtify thereby my eſteem and attachment to you."

This converſation was hardly finiſhed when the travellers found themſelves at Polemon's door. As the heat had been very great, he haſtened to order them refreſhment; but he moderated Henry's appetite, and begged Mr. Grenville not to eat, but wait till the decline of day, and he would take them with him to ſup

at

at the houſe of a huſbandman in the hamlet, where he was invited.

"I do not know this huſbandman," ſaid Mr. Grenville: "will it not be imprudent on my part to accept your offer?"

"On the contrary," replied Polemon, "you will vex him very much, if you ſhould not accompany me; and if I refuſe going myſelf to his houſe becauſe you are come to mine, he would imagine that there was pride on your ſide; and I think you incapable of it, for your manners are too unaffected, and you are too ſenſible to ſuppoſe that a merchant is better than a huſbandman."

"If that is the caſe," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "I will follow you with pleaſure."

"Yes, with pleaſure," ſaid Polemon; "and you ſhall have it at ſupper: it is I who promiſe it. No one is more ſimple in his manners, for no one has more ſenſe than Farmer Martin. His induſtry and his honeſty have made him eſteemed throughout the canton; and his heart is ſo much inclined to beneficence, that all the inhabitants of this village are rich by the cares which he laviſhes on them, and all proſper through his kindneſs.

"What is no leſs ſatisfactory for an honeſt ſoul to ſee, is the ſweetneſs which reigns in the

features of a beloved wife. You are a worthy man," continued Polemon, "and for that reaſon you will be delighted with their happineſs: follow me; I am certain that at leaving Martin's houſe, you will thank me for having placed before your eyes ſuch a picture of felicity.

"And as we go along, repeat me thoſe verſes, Henry, which you told me you had made on a little bird."—"With great pleaſure," replied Henry, and immediately began.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Brighteſt of the yellow wing,
Little goldfinch, come and ſing;
I 'll ſupply thy daily bread,
From my hand thou ſhalt be fed,
If with me thou 'lt ſtay and ſing,
Brighteſt of the yellow wing.

I'll tread each day the verdant mead
To find thee groundſel and chickweed;
Plantain, and every grain that 's good
For thee, ſhall be my favourite's food;
Do thou but with me ſtay and ſing,
Brighteſt of the yellow wing.

The golden grain for thee I 'll bring,
And water from the cryſtal ſpring:

All

All care and trouble I 'll defy,
To pleaſe thy taſte or ſparkling eye.
Then ſtay with me, my bird, and ſing,
Warbler ſweet with yellow wing.

Mr. Grenville, on entering Farmer Martin's, clearly perceived that Polemon had not impoſed upon him. He was received with all poſſible affability, by a middle-aged woman; but whoſe face, though ſun-burnt, ſtill preſerved a freſhneſs, which appeared to have been retained by an inward ſatisfaction that ſhone in every feature.

Mr. Grenville was enchanted with the ſimplicity of the extreme neatneſs that reigned in this ruſtic dwelling. He was getting into converſation with this woman, whom he very much doubted being Martin's wife, when he heard him arrive with his three ſons, who brought back from the fields two carts loaded with corn.

Phœbe (for that is the name of our amiable countrywoman) ſprings out of the room, runs to her huſband, wipes his forehead, which was covered with ſweat and duſt, embraces him, and gets him a glaſs of ale to refreſh him.

Having put up the wheat-ſheaves, they ſat down to table. Martin paid Mr. Grenville a thouſand friendly attentions; and the repaſt was as cheer-

ful as it ſhould be with people whoſe ſimplicity and interior ſatisfaction equalled their economy and pleaſing manners.

Martin had for his ſons an attachment and tenderneſs that diſcovered itſelf even in the leaſt of his actions; but his ſons had for him a reſpect and conſideration that they made it a duty to teſtify continually.

Content was painted on the countenances of all; and Phœbe could not ſee without a delightful emotion, the ſincere affection that her huſband felt for her, the love that his ſons unceaſingly ſhowed him, and the perfect union that reigned among them all.

WE SHOULD SELDOM SPEAK OF OURSELVES.

Supper finiſhed, Polemon engaged Martin to relate to Mr. Grenville how fortune had ſmiled on him, and what was the beginning of his happineſs.

Martin demanded a little time to enter upon the recital of his hiſtory, for he had ſo often recounted it to thoſe who wiſhed to be inſtructed from

from his mouth, that he feared being tireſome, with ſpeaking ſo frequently of himſelf.

Thus, in conſenting to the wiſhes of Mr. Grenville, who was entirely ignorant of the occaſion which related to it, Martin began, by ſaying, that if it were ſometimes neceſſary to ſpeak of ourſelves, it ſhould never be done but with reluctancy; and that if the ſpeaking well of others, or at leaſt the not ſpeaking any ill of them, were indiſpenſably neceſſary, when we mentioned them, it was always very proper, when we ſpoke on our own account, not to make our own panegyric.

"However," continued Martin, "as I ſhall only tell, in ſpeaking of myſelf, what every body knows, I do not fear being contradicted; therefore I am again going to relate what concerns our paſtor, whom you now ſee here; my wife, whom I hold by the hand; and myſelf, who ſee you all at my table, with the greateſt pleaſure in the world, becauſe you are all plain, worthy, unceremonious people."

Then turning to Henry, "My little friend!" ſaid he, "hear with attention, how valuable honeſty is. This leſſon ought not be loſt on any one;" and he ſpoke thus:

THE CASKET.

" I had hardly attained twenty years before I had already ſerved ten to the cultivation of the ground with kind and honeſt Jonathan, a huſbandman in the neighbouring village.

" I poſſeſſed nothing, and Jonathan was not rich: he had an only child, Phœbe, whom you ſee here, for whom I conceived the tendereſt regard.

" As I had early learned what was due to parents, and had been ſhown the too frequent and fatal conſequences of diſobedience, I determined to aſk her father's conſent to our union.

" Phœbe had but little; and, as I before obſerved, I had nothing. Jonathan refuſed me; grief took poſſeſſion of me; and in my deſpair I reſolved to abandon Jonathan's houſe, if I could not obtain of a relation that I had in town ſufficient aſſiſtance to eſtabliſh me, and to enable me to obtain my dear Phœbe.

" I therefore went to town, without ſaying any thing at Jonathan's; but I was obliged to return, without having been able to ſpeak to the relation whom I had been to ſeek, and who, at that time, was abſent. I came back, very ſad,

ſad, and much vexed; I was ſo abſorbed in my gloomy ideas, that night ſurpriſed me on my way.

" My poor Phœbe, whom my abſence had made uneaſy, though ſhe was the only one whom I had let into my project, came to meet me, to know if the couſin on whom I had founded my hopes had fulfilled my expectation.

" She read in my countenance that I had nothing very ſatisfactory to tell her: in reality, this relation being from home for a conſiderable time, no other reſource was left us but to be always conſtant to each other, whatever might happen.

" I told her, at the ſame time, while I wiped away her tears, that her father had given me notice, that I muſt leave his houſe as ſoon as poſſible, as I loved his daughter; and that he only gave me a week to ſeek another farmer with whom I might place myſelf to get my living.

" This afflicting news overwhelmed my poor Phœbe, whoſe heart was ſo full that ſhe could only ſay theſe words: ' Poverty is not vice, my ' dear Martin; be always prudent and induſ- ' trious; never forget your dear Phœbe, and the ' time will come when Heaven ſhall unite us.'

" I had not power to anſwer her; we went forward ſorrowfully; and the village clock, which we heard ſtrike at a diſtance, gave us notice that we were not very far off from the farm where Jonathan lived; when my foot ſtruck againſt a box that I did not perceive, and which was on the ground.

" I picked it up; and as it appeared to me very heavy for its ſize, we left the road, and went into a meadow, where ſome herdſmen had lighted a fire, to which we went near enough to ſee what this little caſket contained.

" What was my ſurpriſe and Phœbe's joy, when, after having opened it, we ſaw that it was full of pieces of gold and diamonds! 'Ah! 'my dear Martin,' ſhe exclaimed, 'what 'riches! We ſhall be united; we ſhall be 'happy!'

" And I alſo felt no leſs delighted: but our joy was of ſhort duration. Reflection came quickly to deſtroy the delirium of the moment.

" 'This gold,' ſaid I to her, 'does not be-'long to us.'—'O no!' ſhe inſtantly replied; 'you are right, Martin, you are right; we 'ought not to keep it; we muſt return it; 'though we were never to be united, Heaven 'would diſown our union.'

" 'O my

" 'O my dear Phœbe!' I cried, 'you have 'anticipated my thoughts; it will be better to 'live in trouble, and preserve an honeſt heart, 'than to live in abundance, and be followed by 'remorſe.'"

THE PASTOR's ADVICE.

" But ſtill I held the caſket. To whom does it belong? I do not know. What to do with it, I could not tell.

" Phœbe and I reſolved to go and find our paſtor, whom you now ſee, and aſk his advice on what we ought to do.

" As it was late, we put off our going till the next morning; and as ſoon as the firſt dawn of day had appeared, we ran to his houſe with our treaſure.

" I told him how much I loved Phœbe; I related to him my having aſked her hand of Jonathan, the denial I had met with, the order he had given me to leave his houſe, the determination I had taken of going to town, to engage one of my relations, who was rich, to do ſomething for me, the trouble that I was in, at not having been able to meet with him,

him, and the prize I had found on returning in the evening to Jonathan's; and at the same time we put the casket into his hands.

" 'My children,' said the respectable Polemon to us, 'since you come to consult me on 'the manner in which you ought to employ 'your wealth, it shows that you are not in 'clined to make a bad use of it; and still less to 'keep it, to the detriment of those to whom it 'belongs.

" 'Leave this coffer, therefore, in my hands; 'and for fear that I should happen to die while 'it is in my keeping, I will, in your presence, 'fasten upon it a writing, signifying that it does 'not belong to me, but that it was found by 'Martin, who placed it in my hands.

" 'In the mean time, till I speak to you 'again concerning it,' said he, 'I will place 'you, my dear Martin, with a farmer of my 'acquaintance, until Jonathan may have 'changed his opinion, and may consent to 'give you his daughter; whom I however 'exhort to obey her father's will, in case he 'should not consent to your union.'

" The same day," continued Martin, " I left Jonathan's house; but my grief was much diminished, for I had the opportunity of seeing my Love now and then, on account of the distance

that ſeparated us not being very great, and that I knew that the paſtor intereſted himſelf in our marriage.

"Notwithſtanding this, I had dared to ſpeak again to Jonathan of my attachment to Phœbe. This ſtep had only drawn upon me another refuſal. I knew that ſhe was demanded by the ſon of a rich farmer, and I began to loſe all hope; when one day the worthy Polemon ſent me word that he had ſomething particular to communicate, and deſired that I would ſpend the day with him.

"'My friend,' ſaid he, on ſeeing me, 'you 'are an honeſt man; I hope that you will not 'make a bad uſe of the advice I am going 'to give you. Here is this caſket, that you 'have entruſted me with; I have made, and I 'have cauſed to be made, the moſt ſcrupulous 'and ſtrict inquiries to find out to whom it 'could belong: two years have paſſed away 'ſince you depoſited this treaſure in my hands: 'all my endeavours have been fruitleſs; I 'therefore think that, without any offence to 'honeſty, you may diſpoſe of it for your own 'advancement.'

"During theſe words, I did not feel quite at eaſe; for my poor Phœbe was always preſent to my thoughts; and I was very ſure that with ſuch great

great riches as thoſe that I was going to have in my poſſeſſion her father would not refuſe me.

" ' One moment!' ſaid Polemon, who ſaw my haſte, ' one moment! I ſay you may diſ-' poſe of that gold for your own advancement; ' but I think, at the ſame time, that you ought ' only to diſpoſe of it in ſuch a manner as not ' to deprive the real owner of it, in caſe he ' ſhould be found.

" ' This caſket encloſes 6500*l.* without ' reckoning the value of the diamonds; deduct ' from that ſum of money what you want to ' buy Hawthorn-farm, which is now to be ſold; ' and depoſit the remainder with the deed of ' purchaſe and the diamonds. Shut up the ' whole in this ſame coffer, with the account of ' your adventure, and join to it the promiſe of ' giving up to the owner, in caſe he ſhould be ' found, the ſum total, or what remains of the ' ſum, with the farm purchaſed by you, in ' caſe that you ſhould not then have laid by ſuf-' ficient to pay for it, when he who has loſt this ' caſket ſhall appear.'

" ' I will do whatever you wiſh,' ſaid I to Polemon; ' do you buy Hawthorn-farm, dic-' tate to me the writing that I ought to put ' into the caſket; but, above all, haſte to go ' and demand Phœbe of Jonathan; for I love

' her much better than all the treaſures in the world.'"

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

" Polemon ſettled every thing for the beſt; but the greateſt ſervice that he rendered me, according to my ideas, was not the fixing me in the farm where you ſee me, but the coming to announce to me that in a week from the time that I quitted him Phœbe's hand would be mine, that Jonathan conſented to it.

" In effect, it was he who obtained her father's conſent; who bleſſed our marriage; who placed us in theſe parts; and ſince that time Heaven has granted us proſperous days; Phœbe and I have only lived to taſte the enjoyments of a life as delightful as innocent.

" During fifteen years Heaven bleſſed my labours; fifteen years I poſſeſſed this domain, when one evening, returning with two of my boys belonging to the farm, from a neighbouring village, where I had been to buy ſome acres of land, I heard a gun go off, and a cry of Murder!

" We

"We ran all three to the place from whence the voice iſſued: the robbers having run away on our making a noiſe, we only found at the place a man ſlightly wounded, but whoſe ſtrength was exhauſted by the vigorous reſiſtance which he had made againſt the highwaymen.

"The horſe that drew his chaiſe was killed; but as it was very light, we dragged it along, without any trouble, to the farm, where I determined this unfortunate ſtranger ſhould accompany me, which he did without reluctance, and with many thanks."

THE GAMESTER.

"When Phœbe had dreſſed his wound, and he was a little recovered from his fright, I aſked him if he had any appetite, or if his accident would hinder him eating his ſupper. 'No, no, ſaid he, 'I am dying with hunger.'—'In that 'caſe,' I replied, 'we will go and place our-'ſelves at table immediately; only I will aſk 'your permiſſion to make you wait till I have 'ſent word to the clergyman of this place, 'whom I look upon as my father, and whom

'you

'you will certainly not be ſorry to have at 'your table.

"Our paſtor," continued Martin, preſſing Polemon's hand, "needs no inviting to come to our houſe; and we all eat with hearty good will together: when, on queſtioning the ſtranger concerning the particulars of the accident that had juſt befallen him, he told us, that the road which bordered on our hamlet was very fatal to him. 'Is it becauſe more than one 'ſad accident has happened to you?' ſaid I.

Stranger. Would to God that this of to-day was the only one! I ſhould have leſs to complain of.

Martin. And without being impertinent, may I aſk what other misfortune you have ſuffered in our neighbourhood?

Stranger. Alas! my friends, the recital of my hiſtory may tire you much, and at beſt you cannot point out a remedy to an evil that I look upon as incurable.

Martin. Ah! what 's that you ſay? Go on, go on.

Stranger. Since you will have it, I obey you.

I am now forty-one years of age; I was ſix and twenty when I was obliged to abandon my country, for a fault of which I ſhould wiſh often

often to ſpeak if my ſorrow could diminiſh its extent.

Martin. Alas! when we neglect the advice that is given us in our youth, we only become wiſe in the end at our own expenſe.

Stranger. From my tendereſt infancy I had a decided taſte for play. Having had the misfortune to loſe my parents whilſt I was yet in my cradle, and, conſequently, entruſted to mercenary people, who intereſted themſelves but little about my doing right; this paſſion, the dreadful conſequences of which they did not point out to me, did but ſtrengthen itſelf with years; till at length, a ſhort time after I was of the age neceſſary to diſpoſe of my property, very little remained of the moſt brilliant fortune.

This reverſe did not diſcourage me; and as a vice puſhes forth new roots every day, if we take no care to extirpate them from the commencement of their growth, I choſe to loſe every thing, rather than give up card-playing. But as the multiplicity of loſſes which I had ſuffered made me at laſt ſuſpect the truth and honeſty of thoſe with whom I had experienced them, beſides their not being liked by any body, even the gameſters, I reſolved to again tempt Fortune's chances with players of better character.

The

The wiſhed-for time was not long in coming; ſeldom in great towns do youth want the opportunity to ruin themſelves, when they are inclined for it.

In the gambling-houſe that I uſed to frequent, a young officer preſented himſelf, to whom I propoſed a game. He inſtantly accepted my offer, notwithſtanding certain ſigns which ſome perſons made him, that he did not underſtand at the moment, and to which I did not myſelf pay ſufficient attention.

It is clear, for I have often reflected on it ſince, that theſe perſons, who probably took ſome intereſt in this young officer, only made ſigns to hinder him from playing with me, becauſe they thought I had as little honeſty as thoſe gameſters with whom they knew not that I had loſt my fortune, but with whom they had very often ſeen me.

Their ſuſpicions, without being juſt, had nevertheleſs a foundation; for nothing is more proper, than to miſtruſt the honeſty of a man who keeps company with rogues and knaves.

Be that as it may, my young ſoldier at that time paid as little attention to thoſe ſigns as I did; and probably it was not till fortune had turned againſt him that he thought of them, and ſuſpected that I was a man who would cheat him.

At length he ſometimes permitted ambiguous words to eſcape him, which I would not notice, becauſe I thought them only the effect of the ill humour of a man whom fortune uſed extremely ill.

He had emptied his own purſe, and thoſe of many perſons who were preſent at the match, and who would willingly have lent to him, becauſe they knew him very able to pay; when in a moment of deſpair he propoſed to me to play for a conſiderable ſum, and a ſeat which he poſſeſſed, againſt ſix thouſand five hundred pounds in gold and bank notes, which I had before me.

Martin. Six thouſand five hundred pounds! Heavens, if that is not—

Stranger. What is that you ſay?

Martin. Nothing, nothing; go on.

Stranger. I accepted the challenge. It was my officer's turn to cut: he ſhuffled the cards—I ſhuffled them after him—at length he cuts—the cards are dealt out—all the ſpectators look on with the moſt profound ſilence—my adverſary ſhows his cards—I lay down mine—I have won.

In the firſt impulſe of paſſion, this imprudent young man ſeized the cards, and threw them at me, treating me as a ſharper.

I fall on him ſword in hand; he parried and thruſt to my firſt ſtroke; but with the ſecond I laid

laid him dead at my feet; and ſo ſuddenly, that one half of thoſe who were in the card-room had not time to remark our quarrel, and the battle that followed it.

Diſtracted, my brain almoſt turned, they ſtopped me when I would have come away; when an officer in uniform, and an acquaintance of him whom I had juſt killed, cried out, "Let this young man go; he with whom he has this inſtant fought, was my friend; and I would have revenged him that moment, if he had not been wrong in treating as a ſharper, a man who does not in the leaſt deſerve ſuch a character; for I have never ceaſed for a ſecond having my eyes on his cards; and I declare upon my honour, that he has played honeſtly."

At theſe words he took me by the hand, led me to the card-table, made haſte to put into my pockets the caſh I had won, and which I little thought of; then compelling me to accept his arm, he conducted me home again; and when I had aſcended with him into my apartment, "Make haſte," ſaid he, "to ſettle your affairs: you have a carriage, I am running to ſeek you poſt-horſes; for if in an hour you ſhould be ſtill here, in an hour perhaps it will no longer be poſſible for you to eſcape the officers of juſtice."

This

This worthy man in reality made all poſſible haſte to find me horſes; which he brought himſelf. In the mean time I put all the money that I had in my pockets, into a little caſket.

Martin. Into a little caſket! Heavens!

Stranger. And I added to it the only wealth that was left me, my mother's diamonds.

Martin. Her diamonds! It is that; how glad I am!

Stranger. What is that you ſay now?

Martin. O, nothing, I tell you; nothing: go on. I am always thus, when I hear any thing told that intereſts me. Go on.

Stranger. When I was above three hundred miles from the capital, ſomewhere hereabouts, the little I had in my purſe being exhauſted by the expenſes that I was obliged to be at for the poſtilions and horſes, I was forced to have recourſe to my caſket. But what was my ſurpriſe and grief, when I diſcovered that the bottom of my carriage ſeat had come out, and that my caſket had diſappeared!

Martin. It is that! It is that! What, and did you not turn back again?

Stranger. What! I go back again at the moment when I was certain that the judicature was having me ſought for every where; and perhaps

had

had already ſent the Bow-ſtreet men after me: it was what never entered into my thoughts.

If I had been ſure that the bottom of my carriage ſeat had but juſt come out, perhaps I might have gone a few miles back again: but I was entirely ignorant at what diſtance this misfortune had befallen me; and it might juſt as well have happened at thirty miles as three hundred from the capital; which I had no inclination to draw near again, I declare to you.

Martin. This loſs did not ſet you at eaſe?

Stranger. I had then no other reſource than that of ſelling my carriage for the moſt paltry ſum; as well as a very handſome trunk which I carried with me; and of reaching on foot, with a ſtick in my hand, the neareſt ſea-port.

But what is the reaſon that you are always laughing at every thing that I ſay?

Martin. You muſt not be ſurpriſed at my thinking differently from others. There are ſome who would find what you are telling me very ſhocking; for my part, there is nothing in the world appears to me ſo pleaſant as this adventure; nor that could make me rejoice ſo much.

Stranger. Very likely ſo! But there was nothing ſo pleaſant, nor ſo much for me to rejoice at, in being obliged to embark without money.

I have tugged at the oar like a galley-ſlave, during fifteen years, without amaſſing any property in the iſland, except fifty pounds, which I employed to pay my paſſage back to this country, when I was written to, to inform me that I might return; that the proſecution which had been commenced againſt me, on account of the death of this young officer, was put a ſtop to; and that I might come and inherit the eſtate of an uncle who had juſt died, worth more than forty thouſand pounds.

Martin. For once then, I hope you will not take offence at my gaiety; for nothing could be more fortunate.

Stranger. Softly, if you pleaſe; it is no laughable circumſtance. This unlucky uncle of mine had, it is true, rendered me a ſervice by diſperſing ſome money to make up this unfortunate affair; but not knowing what was become of me for more than fourteen years, and perhaps thinking me dead, or wiſhing to puniſh me for my diſorderly conduct, he has deprived me of all his wealth, by a deed of gift in proper form; which was ſhown me at the moment when I thought to lay my hand on a rich inheritance.

Martin. So that the fifty pounds which you had got together in the Weſt Indies, being expended in regaining your country, and in running

after

after an imaginary treaſure, nothing remains but a very light purſe?

Stranger. Exactly ſo.

Martin. Very well; as for me, I take the charge of filling it.

Stranger. How is that?

Martin. The farm I cultivate is very lucrative; its environs are delightful; fruit-trees embelliſh the neighbouring hills, and charming ſprings meander on all ſides in the meadows, whoſe extremities are bounded by the ſilent woods. In a word, this little domain which Heaven ſeems to take pleaſure in making proſper, and in ornamenting each day; all theſe things ſhall be yours if you chooſe.

Stranger. How ſo?

Martin. It only remains with you, inſtead of running all over the world, to fix yourſelf here for life; and to ſpend your days as comfortably as thoſe which you ſee glide on here with me.

Stranger. But what do you mean? I do not underſtand you.

Martin. Go to your reſt; you have occaſion for it; and to-morrow, when you awake, all this ſhall be explained to you.

THE SURPRISE.

"Such was," ſaid Martin, "the converſation that I had, word for word, with this ſtranger; whom I quickly diſcovered to be he whoſe treaſure I had found.

"I made a ſign to the paſtor to carry on the diſcourſe for a few minutes on indifferent ſubjects; I then haſtened to dig up the caſket that I had buried in a corner of the garden, cloſe to this building, and ran and placed it on a table in the room where he was to ſleep.

"After we were all hid in a little cloſet which opened into this ſame room, and from whence we could view his aſtoniſhment; we had him conducted to the apartment intended for him.

"Left alone, he took no notice of the caſket at firſt; but after having made one or two turns about the room, he perceived it; and ſent forth a deep ſigh, which had like to have made us break out into a loud laugh.

"He ſtood immoveable; then turned the caſket round, and round again, as if he knew it to be his own. He ſaw that it was not faſtened: he put forth his hand to open it; drew it back

again, as though he feared doing wrong; at last opened it, and perceiving the gold and diamonds, he ſent forth a cry of ſurpriſe and joy, that was followed by a ſort of fainting fit, cauſed by a ſudden ſhock, but which we had no difficulty in getting him out of, on running to him precipitately to give him aſſiſtance.

"'Yes,' ſaid I, 'the coffer is yours; it encloſes the ſame diamonds which were in it when 'I found it; you will alſo find there the ſame 'quantity of gold; and moreover, this farm where 'I now am, is yours; for I acquired it with the 'intereſt of your money; after having tried in 'vain to find out during the ſpace of two years, 'to whom what I had found could belong. It is 'clearly yours; only I beg you to let it be culti-'vated by one of my ſons. As for me,' added I, 'ſo much has my labour proſpered, and ſo well 'has my poor Phœbe, whom you ſee there, ſe-'conded me, that I am able to retire to an eſtate 'that I bought a few years back, and which is 'ſufficient for the honeſt ſupport of me and my 'little family.'

"I had ſcarcely finiſhed, when this ſtranger, ruſhing into my arms, exclaimed, 'It is too 'much! It is too much! and I ſhould be a 'monſter of ingratitude, if I were not to 'leave you this farm that you purchaſed; and

'you,' added he, looking ſteadily at me, and ſpeaking in a determined tone, 'will be a de-'teſtable man, if you refuſe to accept this 'farm that you offer me: I will hear no expla-'nation; if you make a ſingle remark, I quit 'your houſe this inſtant, and there leave the 'gold and diamonds, which I ſhould bluſh to 'accept, if you will not conſent to my requeſt.'

"We embraced each other anew, vowing eternal friendſhip; and ſince that time we have cheriſhed each other like two brothers.

"This gentleman, who is named Melville, freed from the paſſions of youth, and wiſhing in the noon of life to enjoy that tranquillity which till then had been denied him, is come to ſettle in this neighbourhood; where he paſſes his days in rural occupations; and as he is unmarried, and as his fortune is more than ſufficient to provide for his wants, he employs a great part of it in relieving the poor labourers of the canton; whoſe ſupport he is, and by whom he is beloved as if they were his children.

"You have deſired," added Martin, "that I would give you an account of my hiſtory; there it is; I ſhall be delighted if it ſhould have intereſted you all: and you, my little friend," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Henry, "you

who

who have liſtened to me with ſo much attention, I hope that the unfolding of this adventure will not be loſt upon you.

" It ought to teach you, that honeſty will ſeldom go unrewarded; that it is dreadful to give ourſelves up in childhood to the paſſion for play; that the terrible conſequences it draws after it, are often irreparable; and by keeping company with men of acknowledged infidelity and diſhoneſty, we make ourſelves liable to be looked upon as bad men.

" Forgive me," added the worthy Martin, " forgive me my young friend, for daring to take the liberty to give you this leſſon; I who am only a poor huſbandman: but virtue is not confined to any ſtate. Your age is my excuſe, and I dare believe that your father here preſent, and whoſe language and phyſiognomy diſcover a noble ſoul, will not be offended at the liberty I have taken of giving you this good advice."

THE COTTAGE.

It was late; Mr. Grenville and Henry were a little fatigued with their walk; Polemon took them back again to his houſe to ſleep.

The room into which he conducted Mr. Greenville to paſs the night, was no other than a rural cottage, that he had built at the bottom of his garden; and where he ſpent a part of the day when the weather was hot.

This cottage was ſhaded by a hundred different ſhrubs, that hid the top of it with their numberleſs branches, which interweaved naturally. A thick vine almoſt concealed the entrance; and juſt before the door, round an ever-verdant graſs-plot, meandered a little brook whoſe plaintive murmur invited meditation.

The inſide of this cottage was not leſs ruſtic; it was only provided with ſome furniture as ſimple as convenient; and the moſt valuable thing it contained was a library, not large, but whoſe books, choſen by Polemon, and congenial with his manners, left nothing for the man of ſenſe, and the friend to nature and religion, to deſire.

The walls were painted by Polemon's hand; and in the middle of a picture carefully drawn, we read theſe verſes; which he had himſelf compoſed, and which may be regarded as the mirror of his ſoul.

Happy Polemon! he can draw religion even from a ſimple flower; and in the humbleſt of his Maker's works, trace his adored Maker.

To a mind like his, death can boaſt no ſting; and

and the view of quitting the frail caſket of mortal clay, is only regarded as a time of rejoicing, as a commencement of unchangeable and eternal felicity.

SONNET.—TO THE ROCK-ROSE.

Hail ſnowy flower! my beauteous Rock-roſe, hail!
Diſtil thy ſweet perfume around my bower;
Let zephyr waft thy odour through the vale,
While I unbend to calm reflection's power.

Sweet Roſe, my morn of life like thine was fair;
And now, like thine, my noon flits faſt away;
A little while, and I thy fate ſhall ſhare,
The night of age ſhall ſee us both decay.

In thee, fair Roſe, I read my own ſhort ſpan;
In thee, ſweet emblem, view my paſſing bloom;
Thy day how like the ſhort-liv'd ſpace of man;
Thy warning voice prepares me for the tomb
The tomb of all my fear; my ſorrow; ſtrife;
And opening door to everlaſting life.

Mr. Grenville could not read theſe verſes without the ſweeteſt emotion. The ſky was clear; a light breeze that gently agitated the foliage,

interrupted the ſilence of a fine night, and freſhened the atmoſphere; and a ſweet ſleep cloſed his eyelids, while the moon diffuſed around him a feeble light.

THE STORM.

Mr. Grenville was preparing to depart the following morning, when Polemon determined him to ſtay a few hours longer, by pointing out to his obſervation that the horizon was loaded with thunder-clouds; and that, if he ſet out immediately, he would be overtaken by the ſtorm.

He therefore ſtayed with his entertainer a part of the day; but as ſoon as the cloud had paſſed over the hamlet, and the thunder was no longer heard even at a diſtance, except a hollow ſound prolonged by the echoes, he ſet out on his walk home.

The ſun reached the end of his courſe; the ſky had regained its ſerenity; and the burning heat of noon was replaced by a cool wind, whoſe light breeze gently murmured among the trees.

Mr. Grenville, already far from Polemon's habitation, could not reſiſt the charming ſenſation which

which a view of the country after a ſtorm gave him.

The green graſs was more beautiful and freſh; the leaves, ſtill damp, preſerved drops of rain, that the heat of the ſun made more ſparkling than the diamond. The flowers ſlowly raiſed their heavy ſtalks, and diffuſed around their ſweeteſt perfumes: the timid birds, which the claps of thunder had compelled to ſilence, renewed with additional gaiety their harmonious concerts; and inſtead of thoſe thick and black clouds that the eye could not look upon without dread, nothing was ſeen in the ſky but a rainbow of purple, opal, and azure, which embracing the immenſity of the heavens, and extending to the earth, ſeemed to ſerve for the throne of the Eternal, and the ſteps for the approach of his children.

This charm diffuſed over all nature, and the view of an immenſe country loaded with rich harveſts, preſented a vaſt field for Mr. Grenville's meditations, who entertained the moſt conſoling reflections, as he approached the wood contiguous to the gardens of the wealthy Almanzor.

He could not avoid pondering on the unhappineſs of an opulent man, who not knowing how to reſiſt his paſſions and whims, deadens all his faculties by the avidity with which he endeavours

to ſatisfy his fancies; a man inſenſible to the pure pleaſures to which ſimplicity gives birth, and to whom treaſures, often amaſſed by unlawful means, leave only remorſe for the uſe he has made of them.

THE TWO INNS.

Mr. Grenville having left Hawthorn-Vale very late, and not chooſing to walk in the night, was obliged to ſtop at an inn on the road.

On entering it, he perceived two men who played at cards, and drank plentifully: as neither of them diſturbed themſelves, nor ſaid any thing to him, he ſat down to wait till ſome one belonging to the houſe might come, of whom he could aſk for a room, and what he wanted.

A child of about three years old, who was ſtanding on a little chair at the ſide of the table where they were playing, in amuſing himſelf drew the cloth a little nearer to him, on which the cards lay; one of the two players gave him ſuch a violent blow, that this little unfortunate infant was inſtantly covered with blood.

This

This poor little miſerable creature muſt have been accuſtomed often to receive blows, for not a ſob eſcaped him; on the contrary, he did himſelf incredible violence, to hinder the tears from being perceived, which he endeavoured to retain.

He contented himſelf with throwing a ſorrowful look on Mr. Grenville, that pierced him to the heart; who, already impatient at not ſeeing any perſon appear, aſked theſe players, if the landlord and landlady of the inn were abſent for long.

"I do not know," ſaid the player who ſtruck the child, "if the landlady may be abſent for long, for I give myſelf little uneaſineſs about what ſhe does, or where ſhe goes; but as to the landlord, he is not far off, I aſſure you; for it is he who ſpeaks to you:" and, upon that, this vile man drank another draught, and went on playing, without giving himſelf any farther trouble.

"But," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "for an innkeeper, you muſt own that you have little foreſight; and that when you go ſo far as to intend to lodge travellers, you ought to be more civil than you are."

"As civil as you pleaſe," replied this wicked man; "but you ſee me as I am. The pot-girl, who is employed in milking the cows, will not

be

be long in coming; you will aſk her for what you want, and if you are tired of waiting, you can continue your journey."

And on concluding theſe words, inſtead of ſerving Mr. Grenville himſelf, and foreſtalling him in whatever could give him pleaſure, he began ſwearing at the pot-girl, his wife, and the little child who was at his ſide, and to whom he gave a kick with his foot, telling him to go and ſeek his mother.

The want of attention from this man to the travellers who came to put up at his houſe, his low and uncivil language, and, above all, the hardheartedneſs and barbarity with which he treated his child, having diſguſted Mr. Grenville, he left the houſe abruptly, at the riſk of being forced to walk a part of the night.

But he had not gone above a hundred ſteps before he overtook a carrier, who followed the ſame road, and whom he accoſted with the intention of their going on together.

After ſome preliminary queſtions, Mr. Grenville aſked him, if he purpoſed travelling all night, and if he ſhould not reſt his horſes at ſome inn.

"Sir," ſays the carrier, "I uſed commonly to put up at the houſe that you have come from; the ſame reaſons which have juſt driven you away

away determined me a long time ago, as well as my fellow-carriers, never to ſet a foot again in a place where people are ſo ill received, and treated ſo rudely.

" If you will follow me about a mile and a half from here, we ſhall find, at ſome diſtance from any village, an inn, rather lonely, but where we are as ſafe as if we were in our own houſe, and where the miſtreſs is as attentive as civil to all ſtrangers, and is ſatisfied with a moderate profit on what ſhe lets them have.

" This behaviour and her known honeſty are the reaſons why great numbers put up at her houſe, and why travellers puſh on or retard their journey many miles, to have the pleaſure of alighting there.

THE CHARITABLE WIDOW.

" I cannot deny myſelf the pleaſure," continued this carrier, " of relating to you an anecdote which will give you ſome idea of this worthy woman.

" Her name is Morrice: her huſband, who kept the ſame inn, but who had not the ſame civility, has been long dead: ſhe is aſſiſted in her

her buſineſs by children who reſpect her as ſhe deſerves, and who take care to conform to her wiſhes, by receiving in their beſt manner the ſtrangers who alight at their houſe.

"A ſhort time back, the widow of an officer who died in the ſervice of his country, returning from the army with two little children, came to lodge at widow Morrice's. She was ſo poor, and had ſo little remaining in her pocket-book, that ſhe ſcarcely ordered ſufficient for herſelf and children to eat, for fear of not being able to pay for it.

"When ſhe perceived that they ſerved up more than ſhe ordered, that they ſhowed her, as well as her children, all the attention imaginable, that they had provided her a very good room, and that they haſtened even to foreſtal her wiſhes, ſhe repented having taken up her abode at an inn where ſhe perceived they were accuſtomed to ſerve in great ſtyle, and conſequently ſhe ſuppoſed to be paid very dear.

"Aſhamed, trembling, not daring to touch any part of what was ſerved up, and hurt at being obliged to make known the deſtitute ſituation in which ſhe found herſelf, ſhe at laſt took the reſolution of ſeeing her hoſteſs, to conſide her trouble to her, and the fears ſhe had of not having

having money enough left to discharge what she owed her.

" 'You are then in a very great hurry to 'leave me,' said widow Morrice: 'you are but 'just come, and you already wish us to settle 'our account; but I care nothing about it,' added she; 'you do not appear quite well, and I 'expect that you will stay here till you have re-'covered your fatigue, as well as your two charm-'ing children, who must be tired with such a 'long journey; and when you shall be quite re-'cruited, it will then be time enough to settle 'our account.'

" In reality, widow Morrice," continued the carrier, " testified for this lady and her children the utmost readiness to oblige, and the most delicate attention. After having compelled her to spend a fortnight with her, she provided her a chaise and pair of horses, to go the ninety miles which yet remained of her journey; and fearing to hurt the feelings of this afflicted mother, if she offered her any assistance in money, she took care to put into the parcel that contained the clothes belonging to the two children, a ten pound Bank note; and on the paper that enclosed it were written these words—'Think not 'of the little that I have done for you; do 'not, however, forget me; for I am desirous

'of

'of your regard; but call to mind that I am 'paid beforehand. I only wiſh that the ac-'cepting it may be as ſweet to you as the of-'fering it is gratifying to me.'

"You have laid me under a real obligation, my friend," ſaid Mr. Grenville to the carrier, "for having brought me acquainted with this admirable hoſteſs, whom I already eſteem from your ſimple ſtory, and am very impatient to ſee."

"One moment," continued the carrier, "and we ſhall be there. That light which you ſee low down——" "Very well."—"That light is at her houſe. And if I am not miſtaken, the noiſe of the horſes feet that we hear reſound at a diſtance is occaſioned by ſome poſtilions who are driving poſt-chaiſes to our inn.

"That ill-tempered fellow, whoſe houſe you have left, has not a ſoul at preſent who ſets a foot within his doors; and I hope I am not too hard when I ſay, that in all his family I do not think there is one perſon who is not as crabbed and peeviſh as himſelf.

"I, who travel about, knew a ſiſter of his in the north, who kept a ready-made linen ware-houſe, and who behaved ſo ill to every perſon who came to her ſhop, that ſhe ſoon loſt all her cuſtom."

"We

"We ſee," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "for an innkeeper and a ſhopkeeper, how little theſe people underſtand of their own intereſt."

"O! I can anſwer for it," continued the carrier, "Mrs. Cruſty was a fine one; her form, which was of a piece with her words, is ſo engraven on my imagination, that it ſeems as if I ſtill ſee and hear her."

"It is certain," ſaid Mr. Grenville, "that all thoſe who, from their ſituation in life, have any thing to do with the public, ought more particularly, whoever they may be, to put a little ſofneſs in their words, and a little civility and pleaſantneſs in their behaviour.

"If the maſter of an inn is not ready to oblige, and attentive; if a ſhopkeeper has not a pleaſing addreſs; and if a placeman is not affable; there can be no doubt but that, inſtead of proſpering in their ſtations, and of acquiring general good-will, they will be ruined by making themſelves hated.

"Nothing prepoſſeſſes others ſo much in our favour as our being obliging and polite. We avoid meeting a rude man, while we take a pleaſure in living with him whoſe manners are gentle, and whoſe temper is amiable."

Diſcourſing thus, the two companions arrived at the deſired inn, where Mr. Grenville inſtantly

ſtantly perceived that the carrier had not deceived him.

As he was informed, there was a good ordinary, where a number of gentlemen were juſt going to ſup together. He joined the party, and ſeated himſelf at the ſame table. They had every thing of the beſt, clean, nicely dreſt, and the moſt obliging and unremitted attention. His room correſponded with his ſupper, and he departed in the morning much prejudiced in favour of the houſe and its worthy inmates.

INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Grenville, on his return home, found a void in his houſe, through the abſence of Henry, from whom he had not till now been ſeparated: but this amiable child often wrote to him; and his letters, which every day indicated freſh progreſs, conſoled Mr. Grenville and his mother, who was equally attached with himſelf to his children.

Maria, who was no leſs ſenſible or diſcreet than her brother, and whoſe graces began to ſhow themſelves, gave her mother all the ſatisfaction that could be deſired. The example

the

ſhe had before her eyes, and the leſſons ſhe daily received, made ſuch an impreſſion on her, that all who ſaw her could not help ſaying, that Maria at twelve years old was a charming girl.

The quality that above all gained her the moſt favour was a ſenſibility that extended to all thoſe whom ſhe beheld ſuffer; but that often engaged her to wiſh to render aſſiſtance to thoſe perſons who did not deſerve it; which was more particularly exemplified with reſpect to a young girl of eighteen years of age, whom ſhe had ſeen at the houſe of a friend of her mamma's.

This young girl was named Lydia; ſhe had juſt left a houſe where ſhe had lived twelve years; and not being able to find another immediately, that would receive her, as ſhe had flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould, ſhe tried, by means of the good-natured Harriet, to get at Maria's ear, that ſhe might ſpeak to her mother in her favour, and perſuade her to take her into her houſe.

Lydia, on ſpeaking to Maria, had recourſe to tears; ſhe painted herſelf unhappy, and nothing more was neceſſary to ſwell the gentle heart of poor Maria, who promiſed to intercede for her all in her power, and to get her mamma to take her, if not for a continuance, at leaſt till ſhe could find herſelf a place.

Maria

Maria acquitted herſelf of her commiſſion inſtantly; ſhe did it with eagerneſs, and intereſted herſelf ſo much in it, that her mamma could not help praiſing her zeal: but ſhe told her, at the ſame time, that ſhe neither would nor could do any thing in Lydia's favour; that this young perſon was not worthy of any conſideration, and that her bad behaviour to her benefactreſs had made every one deſpiſe her.

"Mrs. Milton, whom you know," added Mrs. Grenville, "walking one day in the environs of Mount-Pleaſant, a village where ſhe has a country-houſe, met a little girl between ſix and ſeven years old in the fields, who was gathering herbs, and whoſe clothing, which hardly covered her, beſpoke the moſt abſolute indigence.

"That child was this ſame Lydia, for whom you have this day intereſted yourſelf ſo warmly.

"Mrs. Milton pitied her, went up to her, aſked her name, and to whom ſhe belonged. Having learned from the child that ſhe did not know her parents, and that ſhe knew no more than that ſhe lived with a good old woman, who took care of her, Mrs. Milton took her by the hand, and told her to lead her to the good woman's houſe.

"Lydia conducted her to it immediately; and this charitable woman, who ſupported her, though

though her cottage, almoſt ready to fall, announced the greateſt miſery, informed Mrs. Milton, that this little child knew neither father nor mother; that ſhe had been abandoned at her birth; that ſhe had found her expoſed under a tree near the village, one day, when ſhe had got up rather earlier than uſual, to go into the fields; that ſhe had taken her in her arms, and ſhown her to a number of people, to ſee if any perſon would take charge of her; but that not having ſucceeded, poor and old as ſhe was, ſhe had reſolved to take care of her, and bring her up; and from that time ſhe had looked upon her and loved her as if ſhe had been her own child.

"Mrs. Milton aſked her, if, from the attachment which ſhe felt for the child, it would not go againſt her to part with her; and told her, if ſhe choſe to reſign her, ſhe would take the greateſt care of her, and ſhe might be aſſured that ſhe ſhould want for nothing.

"The good woman anſwered Mrs. Milton, with tears in her eyes, that it would coſt her a great deal to ſee herſelf ſeparated from her dear Lydia; that ſhe already began to work a little; and that the time would come when this child would make her amends, in her extreme old age, for the trouble that ſhe had before given her: but ſhe afterwards added, that as Lydia's pro-

ſperity was more dear to her than her own, and as it was for her advantage, ſhe ſhould ſeparate herſelf from her with grief, but at the ſame time with pleaſure.

"Mrs. Milton then took away Lydia, who was enchanted at being the very ſame evening well fed and well clothed. The ſtate of penury in which ſhe had been before, and the abundance in which ſhe now lived, made her laviſh on Mrs. Milton the fondeſt careſſes, which led her to imagine, during ſome years, that Lydia would be ſincerely attached to her; and that ſhe ſhould eaſily make a companion and friend of her for the reſt of her days.

"But, my dear Maria, we ſoon accuſtom ourſelves to plenty. When we are in proſperity, we lull ourſelves in falſe ſecurity, we think that misfortune will never come; and this deceitful truſt is the cauſe of our forgetting, or at leaſt trying to forget, our paſt troubles, and thoſe who have relieved us in our misfortunes.

"Lydia had ſcarcely attained her twelfth year before ſhe began to give Mrs. Milton uneaſineſs, and to ſhow her bad diſpoſition.

"Mrs. Milton left town every year, to ſpend a part of the ſummer at Mount-Pleaſant; ſhe took pleaſure in going now and then to viſit the good old woman who had taken care of Lydia in her infancy,

infancy, and ſhe laviſhed on her benefits which greatly ſoftened the infirmities of her old age.

" But if ſhe could go but ſeldom to viſit this good woman, ſhe expected Lydia to go and ſpend an hour with her every day.

" She even thought that it muſt be rather a pleaſure to her than a duty, when ſhe was informed that Lydia, who was aſhamed, becauſe ſhe was well dreſſed, to ſtay in a cottage with a poor infirm woman, went to ſpend elſewhere, than at old Margaret's, the time that ſhe was abſent from home.

" This ſhocking behaviour on the part of this young girl occaſioned Mrs. Milton the moſt lively ſorrow, for ſhe was ſincerely attached to her, and pleaſed herſelf with thinking that ſhe ſhould be repaid with the moſt ſincere return.

" She determined to reprimand Lydia moſt ſeverely, and remonſtrate with her on her unfeelingneſs, pride, and ingratitude towards the worthy Margaret, whoſe cares and tenderneſs could never be repaid.

" Lydia cried, but her bad heart and her vanity were more and more perceptible every day.

" She replied with rudeneſs to Mrs. Milton's repreſentations: at laſt ſhe fancied herſelf neither well fed, nor dreſſed elegantly enough; and thinking that the muſic and drawing which

Mrs. Milton had her taught would be ſufficient to make her ſought after by all the world, and make her eaſily find a ſituation where ſhe would be more at liberty, and more independent, than where ſhe was; ſhe treated her new benefactreſs with all the inſolence and hardheartedneſs of which a wicked mind could be ſuſceptible.

"The fond and feeling Mrs. Milton, who had done ſo much for Lydia, was ſo affected by this conduct, and ſo grieved at her horrible behaviour, that ſhe fell ſick.

"Lydia, to whom the ſenſation of gratitude was an inſupportable weight, and whoſe pride made her wiſh to free herſelf at any rate, no matter what, from the ſight of Mrs. Milton, whoſe preſence and daily kindneſs ſeemed to call back the recollection of her former ſtate in life, left the houſe of her benefactreſs, and had every thing carried off that ſhe had received from her generoſity, without ſaying any thing to any one, and without even informing herſelf of the deplorable condition to which her ingratitude had reduced her protectreſs.

"Lydia has done more, my child; ſhe has gone ſo far as to calumniate Mrs. Milton, ridicule her, and attribute to her vices and faults to other people's faces, at whoſe houſes ſhe preſented herſelf as a governeſs to children, and

who

who aſked her what weighty reaſons could have determined her to leave a lady who had taken care of her childhood, her education, and who had made the greateſt ſacrifices for her.

"This odious behaviour, the calumnies invented at pleaſure to palliate the wrongs that ſhe ſaid ſhe had ſuffered at Mrs. Milton's, have ſhut the doors againſt her of all thoſe who would have welcomed her with eagerneſs, if ſhe had been as grateful as ſhe now is ungrateful."

"After what you tell me, mamma," exclaimed Maria, "this young girl inſpires me with as much averſion, as ſhe at firſt did with goodwill: and I would myſelf have diſſuaded you from taking her, if ſuch had been your intention.

"If ſhe could ſay ſo much againſt her who has done ſo much for her, and been ſo good to her, what would ſhe not ſay of us who could not render her the hundredth part of the ſervices that ſhe has received from the benevolent and too feeling Mrs. Milton?

"But, mamma," continued Maria, "if you had ſeen how feeling ſhe appeared; how the tears ran from her eyes, when ſhe charged me to beg of you to intereſt yourſelf in her favour, what ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs were painted on her face—"

"O my child!" replied Mrs. Grenville, "it is painful to me to be obliged to inform you, that thoſe are not always the moſt feeling, who ſhed the moſt tears, and that thoſe tears which ought always to be the ſign of grief or ſenſibility, are often employed by bad people, who endeavour, under a deceitful outſide ſhow, to gain compaſſion they do not deſerve. The feeling and unfortunate perſon ſheds tears, but the weak and hypocritical one ſheds them alſo."

YOUNG HENRY's IMPROVEMENT.

If the inſtructions that Maria received, if the examples which her mother endeavoured to place daily before her eyes, made her an amiable and engaging girl, the friendſhip that the rector Polemon felt for his dear Henry, and the cares which he beſtowed on him with ſo much pleaſure, advanced the education of this child, whoſe judgment formed each day, and ſuggeſted reflections with which the paſtor was often aſtoniſhed.

This reſpectable man applied himſelf particularly to the developing Henry's ideas, and making him reflect on the moſt ſimple ſubjects, above

above all, on what ſurrounded him: he had demonſtrated that the good or bad diſpoſition of each individual was principally the effect of habits contracted in childhood:

That the vicious man is only really vicious, becauſe in his youth his inclination to vice was not corrected; and conſequently, if they would have him be virtuous the remainder of his days, he muſt contract the habit betimes.

Theſe leſſons, ſupported by examples ſuited to Henry's capacity, made the deepeſt impreſſion on him.

"My young friend," ſaid the wiſe Polemon, "you will often hear ſaid it, by perſons who intereſt themſelves in your fate, that when we intend doing a good action, or correcting any vice, we ought never to defer any thing of this ſort, nor to put it off till the morrow; for we know not if we ſhall exiſt on the morrow."

"Thoſe perſons are right; but it appears to me that they might carry their reaſoning ſtill farther.

"For, as for me, if I ſee you troubled by ſome vice, bad habit, or at leaſt fault, that you have contracted, and I hear you take the reſolution of correcting it to-morrow, I ſhould not only really ſay to you, Who knows if you will be in this world to-morrow? and conſe-

quently if you will have the power of executing your intention? but I ſhould add, Your indulgence of this vice, of which you will not rid yourſelf till to-morrow, will give it yet new ſtrength; by ſurrendering yourſelf up to it to-day, it will puſh forth an extra root, and to-morrow it will require more efforts to extirpate it than if you had executed your reſolution at the moment.

"We ought never to compound with vice: when we defer for a ſingle inſtant the getting rid of it, it is becauſe it ſtill rules over us, and we wiſh it ſo to do.

"When we accuſtom ourſelves from our childhood to overcome our bad inclinations, we know how to turn to advantage what otherwiſe might have been unavoidable ſtumbling-blocks for us: as the moſt trifling occaſions which ought to be employed to ſhow forth our probity and goodneſs, only help to diſcover our baſeneſs and vices, when we have not known how, from our earlieſt youth, to bend our inclinations to virtue.

THE PURSE: OR, GOOD AND EVIL.

"Yes, my dear Henry," continued the paſtor; "the beſt things become the moſt hurtful in the hands of thoſe who do not apply them to a good purpoſe. Good and evil often ſpring from the ſame ſource. Good ſprings from this ſource for the virtuous man who firmly wiſhes to do a good action; and evil ſprings from it for the wicked man, becauſe his depraved taſte empoiſons even the good that preſents itſelf to him. I will give you an example, and you ſhall afterwards reflect on the conſequences that muſt reſult from it in your opinion.

"A young man, extremely poor, and who had only his hands to get his living, loved moſt ſincerely the daughter of a woodman with whom he worked for his bread.

"This woodman was himſelf very poor. The trade he had was too little lucrative to enrich him; though he laboured very hard. Maudlin, his daughter, was therefore likewiſe in a ſtate approaching want; a ſtate that rendered her ſo much the more intereſting, as ſhe was acknowledged to be the moſt virtuous and modeſt girl in the canton.

"William (for that was the young woodman's name), who loved her as much as he reſpected her, reſolved to quit the occupation of woodman, take up a more profitable one, and come and marry his dear Maudlin, when he ſhould have got together ſufficient to ſecure her from want, as well as her father, who had ſcarcely any ſtrength left to work.

"At the moment when ſitting on the trunk of a tree that he had juſt felled, leaning on his axe, he pondered on the means of making a little fortune, a recruiting ſergeant appears before him, and offers him thirty guineas to engage himſelf in the marines.

"William accepts the thirty guineas, which were encloſed in a purſe; he ſees in this ſum the commencement of fortune, hopes to be able to trade in the Weſt Indies, and come and lay the produce at the feet of his virtuous Maudlin. He therefore determines to ſet out immediately.

"But that he might not afflict Maudlin with too cutting a parting, he went to the village juſtice, told him his intention, and gave him the purſe that contained the price of his engagement; that if Maudlin's father ſhould have occaſion for any thing in his abſence, he might ſupply his own wants, as well as thoſe of his dear daughter."

"This

"This is," faid Henry, "doing what is called a good action with the purfe."—"Very well," faid Polemon, "but that is not all.

THE WICKED MAN.

"William was fcarcely fet off, before the juftice, thinking that he would never return, or at leaft that the crime he meditated would not be found out, determined to keep the money himfelf.

"But an all-watchful Providence, that always protects and bleffes the virtuous and induftrious, however poor and defpifed they may be by the worldly-minded, refolved that this wicked man fhould reap no advantage from his bafenefs; for the firft time that he walked in the neighbouring foreft, in taking out his handkerchief, he drew out the purfe accidentally; fo it was loft."

"For once," faid Henry, "the purfe has been the caufe of this wicked man's doing a very bad action."—"Another minute's attention," replied Polemon: "we are not yet at the end.

THE BLIND MAN.

" This purſe remained ſome days on the ground without being perceived by any one: at laſt a blind man paſſing by, hit it with his ſtick. The noiſe that the gold that was in it made, determined the blind man to ſtoop down, and grope about the ground, till he found what he had heard ſound.

" As ſoon as he felt that it was a purſe full of gold, he ſits down on the ground, and begins counting with his fingers the number of pieces that it might contain. As he diſcovered it was conſiderable, inſtead of rejoicing at ſuch a rich prize (he who poſſeſſed nothing, and who was obliged to beg his daily bread), he begins deploring the lot of the unfortunate perſon who had ſuffered ſuch a great loſs; and again putting the money into the purſe, he ſays in a voice loud enough to be heard by a man who had been watching him narrowly for ſome minutes, ' I will make haſte to town, and have it cried ' by the bellman, to find out who the unfortu- ' nate perſon is who has loſt this purſe. If the ' perſon to whom it belongs ſhould be rich ' enough to make me a little preſent, I ſhall be

' very

'very well ſatisfied: if, on the contrary, he 'ſhould be poor, that this purſe ſhould con- 'tain all that he has, and that he ſhould not 'be able to give me any thing, I ſhall ſtill be 'very well contented in having reſtored to him 'his little fortune. I would rather die of hun- 'ger with an upright conſcience, than poſſeſs 'the luxuries of life followed by the remorſe 'that is always the conſequence of the want of 'honeſty and integrity.'"

THE SHARPER.

"Indeed," ſaid Henry, laughing, "this is a droll purſe: it ſerves to develope each perſon's real character; and I now comprehend how good and evil ſpring from the ſame ſource, according to the ſentiments of each individual, and the more or leſs honeſty he employs in his actions, and which directs his conduct.

"But without going from our ſubject, tell me now what becomes of this curious purſe. You left off where it had juſt anſwered the purpoſe of bringing to light all the poor blind man's honeſty. That is one good thing that it has

given riſe to: what evil is it now going to occaſion?"

"I have told you," continued Polemon, "that this blind man had ſpoken loud enough to be heard by a man, who during ſome minutes had been watching him count his money.

"This man, from what the blind man ſaid, having learned that he had juſt found this purſe, and that he wiſhed to know to whom it belonged, that he might return it, feigned being the perſon who had loſt this money.

"Therefore, as ſoon as the blind man had put the purſe into his pocket, and had ſet forwards to get into the high road to town, this egregious knave marched on before him, then facing about all at once like one retreading the ſame ſteps, he began weeping and bemoaning himſelf. The nearer he approached the blind man, the more he redoubled his groans.

Blind Man. What is the matter with you?

Sharper. What is the matter!

Blind Man. Yes, what is the matter with you, I aſk.

Sharper. Ah! what does it ſignify to you, my good fellow? it is not in your power to alleviate my misfortune.

Blind Man. Why not?

Sharper.

Sharper. You appear to me to be blind.

Blind Man. Without doubt I am.

Sharper. For that reaſon you could not find what I have loſt.

Blind Man. Perhaps—

Sharper. Why perhaps?

Blind Man. What is it you ſeek?

Sharper. What is it I ſeek! Alas!—what I have juſt this very inſtant loſt—a purſe full of gold.

Blind Man. Heavens! how happy I am!

Sharper. A purſe which contains my whole fortune.

Blind Man. Cheer up, my friend.

Sharper. A purſe which I was going to carry to town to pay earneſt for a farm that I have juſt bought.

Blind Man. Once more, I beſeech you to ceaſe your lamentations: I am going—

Sharper. A purſe, without which I am loſt; I, my wife, my children, my poor father, my—

Blind Man. For Heaven's ſake, my friend, dry up your tears; it is I who have found your purſe: here it is.

"At the ſame inſtant," continued Polemon, "the knave ſeized the purſe, and fled, without even

even giving a ſingle farthing to this poor blind man."

"What a raſcal! what a diſhoneſt man!" ſaid Henry. "How this purſe really has, as you ſaid, in a few minutes, brought to light this blind man's honeſty, and his roguery who cheated him of it!

"But after all, I am impatient to know into what hands it will ſtill paſs; for this purſe intereſts me wonderfully."

"Let it ſuffice for the preſent, to inform you, for the whole ſtory would be too long, that this purſe, thrown by a thief into the trunk of a tree that ſerved to hide his ſtolen goods, was found by ſome children who were ſeeking birds-neſts (which I cannot help obſerving, is a very cruel diverſion); and thus, as well as other thefts, it was brought by theſe children to the village where Maudlin reſided.

"Seldom are men deceived for any conſiderable time. They may certainly be impoſed upon for a while, but ſooner or later the wicked is unmaſked, and the impoſtor found out; however thick the veil that conceals his iniquities, time rends it; and however ſlowly may be felt here below the juſtice of Heaven, it never permits wickedneſs long to appear in the garb of virtue.

"In

"In effect," continued Polemon, "the diſcovery that theſe children had juſt made, and the valuable things they brought with them, occaſioned ſuch an uproar and ſo much aſtoniſhment in the village, that the people aſſembled around them in crowds.

"It was clearly decided inſtantly, that it could be no one but a thief who had depoſited all theſe things in this hiding-place. They examined them all attentively, to ſee if they might not recollect ſome, to return to thoſe to whom they belonged; and they were not a little ſurpriſed, when, on turning over and over again the purſe in queſtion, after having taken out the money and counted it, they ſaw that it ſtill encloſed at the bottom a ſmall note, which on taking out, they found addreſſed to Maudlin, from William, wherein he entreated her forgiveneſs for having neither taken leave of her, nor told her of his intentions; but in which he alſo enjoined her always to love him, promiſing to return as ſoon as poſſible, and beſeeching her, for her father's ſake, to accept of the thirty guineas which this purſe contained, and which he ſhould entruſt to the juſtice of the place to convey to her.

"Maudlin, who was ignorant of what had become of her dear William, and who ſince his diſappearing ſcarcely retained ſtrength enough to

aſſiſt

assist her aged father, almost fainted away on hearing this happy news.

"She now saw through the wickedness of this justice's conduct. Near a year had elapsed since the purse had been confided to him; and he neither restored her the purse at the time, nor afterwards; nor had he told her what had become of the man whose loss she had ever since so bitterly deplored; and of whom only himself could bring her news.

"Revolting with horror, to think that the man above all others, who was bound to administer justice, should want to cheat even so poor a person as herself; she loudly published this man's shocking behaviour towards her.

"The multitude went for him, brought him to the place where the rest of the villagers were assembled, first dragged him through a horse-pond, and then took him before a superior power, that punished him for his dishonesty."

"Indeed," said Henry, "if I had not seen this man punished, I should not have been satisfied."

"My dear boy," replied the pastor, "if he had not been punished in this world, do you think that he would have escaped the eye of the Almighty? The prosperity of the wicked ought to

be

be a proof to you that there exiſts a Being above who revenges the evils which ſuffering virtue experiences on earth."

THE TRADESMAN.

Thus ſweetly engaged, the days which Henry ſpent with the paſtor glided ſwiftly on; when one morning Polemon received a letter from Mr. Grenville, in which he begged him to ſend back his ſon; and conjured him to do him the pleaſure of accompanying him.

Mr. Grenville's motive for recalling his ſon, was his wiſhing to ſend him to a ſea-port, where he was to learn ſhip-building in the dock belonging to one of his uncles, who was to take charge of his preferment, and had requeſted him to be ſent.

Henry, who, till on a more full explanation of his father's letter, little doubted but it was ſome mathematical ſcience, appeared aſtoniſhed, to think that he was merely to learn the trade of a carpenter; and even let ſome words eſcape him which beſpoke his diſcontent.

"What is the cauſe of that ſorrowful and angry look, that I never ſaw you have before?" ſaid Polemon.

Henry. I am not angry.

Polemon. Speak freely; this word Trade has ſomething in it that goes againſt you.

Henry. Well then; to ſpeak ſincerely, I did not think myſelf born for a tradeſman.

Polemon. What mighty reaſons have been able to make you believe that you were not born for a tradeſman?

Henry. Why, I preſume my father has fortune ſufficient to place me in a ſituation above that of a carpenter.

Polemon. Who has told you that your father has a large fortune? not he undoubtedly.

Henry. I believe it was; I am not quite ſure of it.

Polemon. And what ſituation would you have wiſhed him to have put you in? What appears to you higher than a carpenter?

Henry. Why, for example, that of a muſician, a watch-maker, a painter, or a merchant, and a variety of others.

Polemon. Theſe then appear to you preferable to that of—

Henry. A carpenter, a joiner, a hatter, a ſhoe-maker, a tailor, &c. &c. I certainly make a great difference between a profeſſional man, or an artiſt, and an artiſan.

Polemon.

Polemon. And on what is that diſtinction founded?

Henry. Why, it appears to me to require a greater genius, and much more knowledge, to be a good artiſt, than to be a good workman: and that the diſtinction eſtabliſhed by the public between them, gives the artiſt a much higher degree of rank in the world than the artiſan.

Polemon. I like to hear you reaſon thus, my dear Henry; and the anſwer you have juſt made, only confirms me the more in the opinion I have conceived of you.

But however judicious this anſwer may be, it remains with me to make you, in this reſpect, obſervations ſtill more judicious; and the ſimplicity of which will put it in your power to ſee all their juſtice.

From the confined light in which you ſee things, you prefer an art to a trade, becauſe the one is more thought of by the public than the other. Is it not ſo?

Henry. Certainly.

Polemon. And the one only gains ſo much more conſideration than the other, becauſe it requires much greater knowledge, and more genius, to be fit for it.

Henry. Undoubtedly. That is what I ſaid.

Polemon. Very well. But as you now begin

to

to have right ideas, to hold rational converſation; and as it is intereſting to aſſiſt you in your judgment, which wants to unfold itſelf, let us reaſon, my dear Henry; and do not you anſwer my queſtions except when you entirely underſtand them; and that you yourſelf feel the full force of your anſwers.

Henry. I will try to do all in my power.

Polemon. Is an art, in general, more uſeful than a trade?

Henry. You puzzle me.

Polemon. I will make my queſtion more ſimple, and ſuit it entirely to your comprehenſion.

The muſician, the watch-maker, the painter whom you juſt now mentioned, are they as neceſſary to the exiſtence of man, and his preſervation, as the hatter, the ſhoe-maker, the tailor, the joiner, &c.?

Henry. Why, I think we could more eaſily do without a watch, a picture, and a concert, than ſhoes, clothes, hats, and houſes or cottages to live in.

Polemon. Thoſe who build houſes, and make ſhoes and clothes, are then more uſeful than thoſe who make clocks and fine drawings?

Henry. Certainly.

Polemon. And if the conſideration that is paid to men, were founded on the real utility that their

their talents are of to ſociety, it is not to be doubted, but that three fifths of the artiſans would be more eſteemed than the artiſts.

Henry. Your obſervation is ſtriking; and for that reaſon I ſhall aſk you, how it happens, that what is uſeful ſhould be leſs thought of among men, than that which is ſuperfluous? For example, I have ſeen at Almanzor's, porcelaine and ſuperb vaſes which he valued more than a hat.

Polemon. My young friend, let us weigh all our words well. The facility of procuring things, greatly diminiſhes their value. If Almanzor had but one hat, if it were impoſſible for him to procure himſelf another, and he were obliged to make a very long journey on foot, under a burning ſun; he would then find that a hat is of more value to him than a china-jar.

Beſides, it is not among all men, as you may have heard, that what is ſuperfluous obtains greater conſideration over that which is uſeful.

The art and trade which are really uſeful, are more thought of among an unenlightened and a virtuous people, than the art that lives and is invented by luxury: and in a corrupted nation the arts which tend to ſatisfy all the paſſions, obtain a pre-eminence over thoſe arts and trades which are ſimply uſeful.

Theſe

Theſe digreſſions are not loſt; but let us return to the firſt intention of our diſcourſe.

The arts engendered by luxury, only ſupport themſelves, and flouriſh in thoſe parts where luxury and the paſſions inhabit; and as luxury only reſides commonly and neceſſarily in great towns, it is evident that the fine arts are ſtrangers, and perfectly uſeleſs, to more than three quarters of the known world. Do you comprehend what I now tell you?

Henry. Aſſuredly: for in this hamlet where we are, for example, as there are no very rich people, there are no uſeleſs paſſions to ſatisfy; they have no occaſion for muſic and painting; ſome of them even ſcarcely know what they are.

Rural occupations fill up almoſt every moment of the lives of theſe ſimple inhabitants; and the produce of their labour is only ſufficient to procure them neceſſaries; they never think of ſuperfluities.

Polemon. All that you ſay is very true; but do you not foreſee from my queſtion, that I wiſh to lead you ſtill farther?

Henry. No.

Polemon. Do you not allow, that in more than three quarters of the known world they are ignorant

rant of the fine arts, and have no occaſion for them?

Henry. I grant it; you have made me ſenſible of it.

Polemon. But in the whole world, do you know of a piece of ground, if it be inhabited, where they can do without a man who knows how to make ſhoes, make a coat, or build a hut?

Henry. Ah! I underſtand you now; I underſtand you. With the knowledge of an art we may die with hunger in more than three quarters of the world; while with a trade we ſhall be in want of nothing.

Polemon. That is exactly what I wiſhed to make you ſenſible of.

Henry. Very well; but in my turn I am happy to obſerve, that the man who is perfectly well acquainted with an art, will not live in a village; and it is clear that he will fix his abode in a great town, where his talents will always be ſought after.

Polemon. May you never experience that it is ſometimes neceſſary to withdraw from great towns! But believe me, there are a thouſand and a thouſand circumſtances in life in which man is obliged to fly great theatres.

A merchant, for example, which you would have preferred juſt now to that ſtate to which you

are deſtined, experiences a conſiderable reverſe; a ſhip is wrecked, he is made a bankrupt, totally loſes his credit, and is ſo far ruined, as not to have any thing left to ſubſiſt upon.

Do you think that this merchant, inſtead of being in a great city expoſed to the inſults of his creditors, to the contempt of men by whom misfortune is ſeldom held ſacred; inſtead of ſoliciting the benevolence of this and that perſon to ſupport him, this merchant would not like a hundred times better to know a trade, and be confined to a village, where he would live, without bluſhing, by the labour of his hands, than to be liable in a great city to public ſcorn?

Do you think that a man perſecuted in a large town, obliged to ſhun the cruel purſuits to which he would be expoſed in a place where there are a great number of people, would not much rather have learned an uſeful buſineſs, at any time, or in any place, which would put it into his power to provide himſelf a ſubſiſtence in an unknown part?

One good thing in a trade is, that it does not require a century to learn one. You may be a merchant, and know a trade; a magiſtrate, and know a trade; a lawyer, or an officer, and know a trade; which is, as you ſee, a great reſource:

inſtead of which, to cut a figure in an art, you muſt give yourſelf entirely up to it; and very often life itſelf is not long enough to bring it to perfection.

Beſides, my dear Henry, the buſineſs that you are intended for, partakes as much of the artiſt as the artiſan, and even much more of the former than the latter: therefore reaſſure yourſelf in that reſpect, and remember that the man who can earn his bread with his hands, in whatever part he may be, is happier, more free and independent than he who, to ſubſiſt, is chained to thoſe places where luxury reſides.

But now I think of it, in the book that I lent you a few days ago, have you not read the hiſtory of a wealthy merchant and his domeſtic?

Henry. Certainly I have; and I remember it well.

Polemon. Relate it to me; you will give me pleaſure, for my memory has only a confuſed recollection of it.

Henry. Willingly.

Polemon. But be particularly careful to ſeparate from your ſtory all uſeleſs digreſſions; the talent of relating is to prune all that is not to the purpoſe, from the ſubjects of which we ſpeak; and when we permit ſome reflections to intermingle, they ought to be ſhort and pointed.

Will you call to mind this obſervation? Will you promiſe me not to forget it?

Henry. I promiſe it; and am going immediately to endeavour to put it in practice.

Polemon. My dear Henry, be always equally docile towards elderly people, and they will love you; and your youth will reap advantage from their experience.

THE DOMESTIC.

"A wealthy merchant," ſaid Henry, "who did not yet think he had fortune enough, though he poſſeſſed fine lands in Kent, ſuperb houſes in London, and his magazines were filled with merchandiſe, undertook to go and viſit in perſon a fa:o in a remote part, where he had juſt heard there had been a failure for more than a million.

"As he had many veſſels fitted out at his own expenſe, he choſe a commodious one, that paſſed for the beſt ſailer, and weighed anchor at a moment when the moſt favourable wind and ſerene ſky promiſed a happy iſſue, and a moſt agreeable voyage.

"When they had been out at ſea a few days, and

and when all perſons who had gone on board the ſhip had had time to look at each other, and endeavour to know with whom they were making a voyage, Vernon (for that is the name of the Engliſhman) having left the cabin to breathe the air on deck, perceived a man named Dobſon, a domeſtic, as ſenſible as faithful, who had formerly been diſcarded his houſe, becauſe this honeſt ſervant, not liking to receive orders from any but his maſter, had refuſed to conform to the caprices of a houſekeeper, who imperiouſly ruled in the houſe of Mr. Vernon.

"Mr. Vernon, very harſh and imperious, as all thoſe generally are who come to ſudden fortune and get rich in a day, ſent for the captain, to whom he commonly entruſted the charge of the veſſel on board of which he was, and aſked him why among the paſſengers whom he had received on board, he had admitted an old domeſtic whom he undoubtedly knew to have been diſmiſſed his houſe?

"The captain, who knew Vernon's cruel and haſty diſpoſition, replied in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner; but Vernon was ſo little maſter of himſelf as openly to ill-treat the worthy Dobſon, and to dare to tell him, that for a ſmall matter he would have him thrown into the ſea.

" From this menace, the whole crew imagined that Dobſon was an offender; but he, jealous of preſerving the eſteem that he had acquired in his little traffic, waited with patience till his old maſter had finiſhed ſpeaking, and then anſwered him thus, before thoſe who ſurrounded him:

" ' It is not a crime to be born without ' fortune; nor is it a crime to live in ſervice: ' far from it; for if we are careful to place ourſelves in Chriſtian families, where they live ' in the fear of God, and teach their ſervants ' the way to Heaven, it is a real bleſſing. Indeed I know of no ſtation happier for thoſe ' who have their bread to get, than ſuch a ' ſervice. There, every thing is provided for ' us, we want for nothing, and are independent ' of all care; all that we have to do is, to fulfil the duties we engage in, and be faithful to ' our employers.

" ' But, on the other hand, if we engage in ' the ſervice of the wicked, where God is forgotten, and no examples are to be ſeen but ' thoſe of vice, then we are indeed doing ' very wrong. An inducement that operates ' powerfully in many, is there being little work ' to do in ſome of theſe places: but idleneſs is ' the root of all evil: and far better would it

' be

'be for them to give themſelves up to the culti-
'vation of the ground, or get their bread by any
'honeſt and induſtrious means.

" 'Such were the reflections which made me
'take the reſolution of quitting as ſoon as I
'could Mr. Vernon; in whoſe ſervice my pa-
'rents, born in the moſt extreme poverty,
'had placed me at a very tender age.

" 'The opportunity of putting my intention
'in force was not long in preſenting itſelf.

" 'Mr. Vernon had at the head of his houſe-
'hold, a ſort of houſekeeper, whom I had good
'reaſon for not liking, and to whom he was
'perfectly ſubmiſſive.

" 'This woman, who was of no more conſe-
'quence than myſelf in the houſe when I firſt
'ſaw her enter it, and who had never com-
'manded me, wanted to do it, and ſaw her-
'ſelf authorized by Mr. Vernon: I however an-
'ſwered her civilly but determinedly, and re-
'fuſed to obey her.

" 'She complained of it to my maſter, who
'enjoined me from henceforth to be as ſub-
'miſſive to her as to himſelf, or to go out of his
'houſe that inſtant.

" 'I did not hesitate, but immediately choſe
'the latter. Though I had long wiſhed to get
'into a more religious family, yet from the

'length of time I had been with him, I had 'become ſo attached to him, that I really be-'lieve I ſhould not have been able to have ſum-'moned reſolution ſufficient of my own accord 'to have left him.

" 'When my maſter found that I was reſolved 'to go, he put himſelf into an unuſual paſſion, 'and I quitted his houſe without having ſince 'dared to enter it again to aſk for ſix months 'wages, that is ſtill my due, and which I knew 'he would not think of refuſing me.

" 'Moreover, there he is,' continued Dob-ſon, pointing to Mr. Vernon; 'he can tell whe-'ther I have ſpoken contrary to truth or not, and 'whether I left his houſe from any other cauſe.'

" On finiſhing theſe words, Mr. Vernon, who had nothing to reply to what Dobſon had ſaid, contented himſelf with making a threaten-ing action, and contemptuouſly throwing on the deck the money that was due to him for ſix months wages.

" Dobſon picked it up, and aſked a number of ſailors, who were about him, if they had not a mind to lay it out in a few bottles of bet-ter beer than they would find in the ſhip's al-lowance, as he had no occaſion for this piece of good luck to carry on the little trade he had un-

dertaken

derision on leaving the houſe of Mr. Vernon, and which had ſucceeded admirably.

"The laugh was now againſt Mr. Vernon; but Dobſon would not permit a ſingle word to be ſaid againſt his old maſter, and ſatisfied himſelf with pitying him, and telling him that if he could have imagined that this ſhip belonged to him, and that he ſhould have found him in it, he would have waited the departure of another veſſel, to have avoided offending him by his preſence.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"When they had been out at ſea three months, and at the moment they thought to ſee the happy day arrive, when they ſhould diſcover the deſired land, a dreadful ſtorm toſſed about the ſhip during more than four-and-twenty hours; frightful guſts of wind having thrown her out of her latitude, ſhe was carried away by a rapid current, which ſplit her on an unknown coaſt.

"Dobſon, who had kept all his ſenſes about him in this extreme danger, who had helped all in his power to work her, and who had

aſſiſted more than any other perſon in the cutting down a maſt which haſtened the deſtruction of the ſhip, ſprung on to this ſame maſt, at the moment when the veſſel ſunk, hung on it by means of ſome ropes, and committed it to the waves, when he perceived Mr. Vernon periſhing.

" At the riſk of being himſelf ſwallowed up, Dobſon quitted the maſt without letting go the rope that he found faſtened to it, reached Vernon, dragged him after him, made him grapple another rope, ſupported him in his weakneſs; and after ſome hours of dreadful torture, the maſt that ſupported them ſtopped at the foot of a rock, which jutted out into the ſea.

" Dobſon, who ſtill had ſome ſtrength left, did all he could to help Vernon to get to ſhore. It was a great thing to have eſcaped death; but what is to become of them? what are they to do? where are they? and what reſources can they have left?

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE SAVAGE ISLAND;

OR,

WHAT A RESOURCE INDUSTRY IS.

"The rock at whoſe foot Vernon and his old domeſtic found themſelves, led to an iſland covered with thick foreſts, and inhabited only by ſavages.

"Dobſon and Vernon very ſoon had the opportunity of diſcovering that its inhabitants were not cruel, neither were they humane; for, after having well examined the two ſtrangers, they went off without offering them any thing to appeaſe their hunger, or anſwering any of the ſigns made them by Dobſon.

"Theſe men had no clothing but a girdle of ruſhes, nor any huts but holes dug in the ground, and covered over again with boughs: their food was birds, the game they killed in the chaſe, and ſome fruits they gathered off the trees, after which they climbed with the moſt ſurpriſing dexterity. They had no weapons but bows, rudely made; and arrows of a very hard wood, ſharpened by a ſtone or with ſharp flints.

"Vernon was a man of knowledge; he knew many languages: he was acquainted with

arithmetic and algebra; the cuſtoms and manners of foreign countries was a part in which he was very converſant; he knew the names of all the factories in the new world, and what all the coins in Europe are called.

"Dobſon, on the contrary, was ignorant of almoſt all theſe things; but Dobſon, when a child, had learned to ſwim, and that had ſerved to ſave his own life and Mr. Vernon's. Dobſon, who had preſerved behind him on his back the axe with which he had helped to fell the maſt in the ſhipwreck, employed it anew to cut down trees, and make himſelf a hut, whoſe conſtruction, though very ſimple and rude, ſo aſtoniſhed the ſavages that they felt the greateſt reſpect for him.

"Their reſpect augmented ſtill more when they ſaw Dobſon, inſtead of climbing up the trees, with the help of his hands and feet, conſtruct a ladder with which he reached the fruits, and make, with pliable boughs, little baſkets, wherein he depoſited the fruits, and cages, in which he confined birds at the entrance of his hut.

"It was, who ſhould bring game and fruits to Dobſon, in exchange for his little baſkets, his cages, and ladders. He was beloved by all the inhabitants, whom he taught how to conſtruct

ſtruct huts; while they paid no attention to Vernon, who would have died of hunger, with all his knowledge, without Dobſon's induſtry, who took pleaſure in forgetting the injuries and ill-treatment he had received from his old maſter, and ſaving his life a ſecond time by lodging and feeding him in this ſavage iſland, till the time when a ſhip, loſing her courſe in theſe ſeas, furniſhed them with an opportunity of getting away."

"Bravo, my young friend!" ſaid Polemon to Henry, when he had concluded his ſtory: "what do you remark in this account?"

Henry. That a trade and a little induſtry can never do us any harm, and are not to be looked upon with contempt.

Polemon. What further do you obſerve ſuitable to the reflections which I have before made you?

Henry. That an artiſt would have been uſeleſs to this unenlightened people, that an artificer was invaluable; and the leſs vitiated a people are, the more ſimple are their taſtes, and the nearer to nature.

Polemon. And have you nothing to ſay on Dobſon's behaviour?

Henry. O, I love him exceedingly! Yes, I

would rather be Dobſon in poverty, than Vernon in the midſt of treaſures.

Polemon. Such is the empire that Virtue holds over all our hearts!

No (continued Polemon), images of vice never ought to be put in competition with thoſe of virtue; there is not a youthful heart that would not prefer eſteem to contempt; and that, in riper years, would not act conformably to the firſt impreſſions it had received.

THE DEPARTURE.

After the letter that he had received, Polemon prepared to conduct Henry back again, and arranged things in a way to accept the invitation of Mr. Grenville, whom he greatly eſteemed, and conſequently to be able to ſpend a day or two at his houſe.

Henry went to bid adieu to the little companions with whom he had made acquaintance in the village, and promiſed neither to forget them nor the agreeable hours which they had paſſed, in playing together.

The next morning he began his walk with the paſtor,

paſtor, who became more and more attached to his little friend, and who never more forcibly felt the void that the abſence of Henry was going to occaſion him, than as the moment drew near when he was to ſeparate himſelf from him.

As they had almoſt nine miles to walk before they could arrive at Mr. Grenville's, Polemon did not fail to take ſome fruit in his pocket, that his young companion might refreſh himſelf on the road.

This precaution was not uſeleſs, for when they had walked about an hour, Henry, who was ignorant of Polemon's attention, ran to a ſpring, which he deſcried, and was going to quench his thirſt, when his friend oppoſed it, and gave him the fruit that he had intended for him.

At the ſame time, he begged him to reſt himſelf a little; and Henry being ſeated at his ſide, on a ſtone covered with moſs, and looſened from an adjacent rock, at whoſe foot was a charming ſpring, which he took a pleaſure in examining, Polemon addreſſed him as follows.

POLEMON's LAST WORDS TO HENRY.

"Perhaps, my beloved young friend, we may never ſee each other again; the place to which you are deſtined, and the buſineſs you are going to embrace, ſeparating us from one another, will no longer permit us to converſe amicably together: beſides, my career is far advanced; and if you ſhould ſpend ſeveral years in a diſtant part of the country, before you return to theſe diſtricts, it is to be preſumed that you will find in theſe parts only the aſhes of your friend; but before we ſeperate, I have ſomething further to ſay to you.

"The tender affection that you teſtify for me; the intereſt which you take in all that I ſay to you; your judgment ſtill weak, but ſuperior to what we generally diſcover in children of your age; in fine, the happy diſpoſition with which Heaven has endowed you, and the tender attachment that I have promiſed to retain for you during life, determine me to ſpeak to you again for your advantage; and to hold to you ſuch diſcourſe as even you may yourſelf know the value of; and for your own ſake and mine I conjure you never to forget it.

"O no!" ſaid Henry; "no, never ſhall I forget your wiſe advice, or your uſeful leſſons: they will remain engraved on my memory as firmly as your image in my heart. But do not tell me that I ſhall not ſee you again; you poiſon by that idea the pleaſure which I taſte in being with you."

"Amiable child!" replied Polemon, "attend to what I ſay.

"I have often told you, and I believe I have clearly proved to you, that being happy in a future life depends on the performance of our duties in this: it remains with me to inform you that even our welfare here below depends on the fulfilling theſe ſame duties; and that to be happy on earth, we muſt practiſe virtue.

"No peace in this world, if juſtice be not the baſis of our actions; if the love of our fellow-creatures kindle not in our hearts univerſal charity, and a fervent deſire to do all in our power to ſerve our brethren.

"Errors, vices, and crimes, almoſt always meet their puniſhment here below, as good actions and virtues do their reward.

"And in reality, ſee how our hearts contract on viewing the aſpect of a man whoſe cold and benumbed ſoul refuſes the unfortunate the aſſiſtance that is aſked of him.

"Greedy

"Greedy of an unfruitful poſſeſſion, the miſer would rather heap halfpenny on halfpenny, than facilitate to the indigent the means of procuring bread. Is he happy? Will he carry his wealth with him when he dies? No, undoubtedly: he is miſerable now, and nought but the rich man's contempt and the poor man's curſe will follow him to his grave.

"Look at the artiſt or the artiſan, who, inſtead of devoting himſelf to the occupation of his ſituation, loſes his time in vicious diſſipation, or in a gaming-houſe; look, I ſay, at the ſtate of his houſehold, and his declining buſineſs; inſenſibly, thoſe who employed him withdraw their confidence; the money that ought to be employed in the maintenance and comfort of his children, vaniſhes in idle expenſes; and, far from finding peace on his return home, he meets with nothing but merited reproaches, which, inſtead of making him alter his conduct, frequently irritate him, and ſometimes end in the ruin of his family.

"Look at the ſoldier, called to the defence of his country, who, far from ſharing the dangers of his comrades, eſcapes, and runs to hide himſelf at the moment of battle; ſhame and ſcorn purſue him to his very hiding-place, and he ever remains covered with diſgrace, while

eſteem,

eſteem, glory, and laurels, are ſhared by his fellow-ſoldiers.

"The treacherous magiſtrate, the diſcharger of public duty, who has prevaricated, inſtead of enjoying that tranquillity of mind which is the lot of the man who acquits himſelf of his obligation, is always afraid that the ſword of juſtice which they held in their hands will fall at laſt on their own heads.

"The over-reaching tradeſman, the covetous merchant, inſtead of being ſatisfied with an honeſt livelihood, makes uſe of cunning, to build up the fabric of his fortune, and calculates his profit by the number of dupes he ſhall make. The lawyer, who has been paid for the work of his pen double what it is worth, the ſelfiſh huſbandman, who encroaches on his neighbour's fields, and then endeavours by ſubtilty to retain what he has ſtolen; in a word, all thoſe who are wanting in honeſty, can never regain the confidence and eſteem of their fellow-men, when once they have forfeited it.

"In fine, I would paint to you the remorſe, the fear of puniſhment inceſſantly tormenting the miſerable being who goes any lengths to rob his fellow-creature, and ſometimes ſo far as to ſteep his hands in a brother's blood.

"I would

"I would place before you the hideous picture of the man drunk with wine, and whose aſpect alone is repugnant to nature.

"I would repreſent to you the deplorable ſtate to which the young man is reduced who dies of grief in the flower of his age, for having entirely given himſelf up to the paſſions which beſet youth.

"I would lay before you the, alas! too ſad ſituation of the mother of a family, who, after having neglected the duties which ſhe owes her huſband, herſelf, and her children, no longer finds in her home or her own heart, that pure happineſs, that ſweet peace, which is the faithful companion of virtue and irreproachable conduct.

"Woe be to him, my ſon, woe be to him, who ſuffers himſelf to be led away by his paſſions, and quits the narrow path of virtue for the broad way of vice! Woe be to the unjuſt man! Woe be to him who repulſes the poor, and to whomſoever deſpiſes or neglects the obligations which his conſcience, his country, and his family, require of him!

"But, alas! every mortal is liable to error. He muſt not be a man not to have ſinned. But if we have ſometimes ſlipped aſide from the duties

ties which we ought to fulfil, if we have ſometimes ſtifled the cry of conſcience, let us return to juſtice, to honeſty, and virtue; for our own happineſs requires it.

"I ſay that our own happineſs requires it, becauſe there is no real happineſs even here below without virtue.

"And in effect, my ſon, compare theſe diſtreſſing pictures which I have juſt traced out for you, the picture of the miſer, the idle and diſſipated man, the ſoldier without courage, the treacherous magiſtrate, the over-reaching trader, the diſhoneſt huſbandman, the bad mother; compare theſe with the benevolent man, who wipes away the tears of his fellow-creatures, and divides his bread with the indigent.

"Compare them with that of the hard-working artiſan, or artiſt, who, inſtead of waſting in idle extravagance the produce of his induſtry, employs, on the contrary, the fruit of his labour to the improvement of his little fortune, the comfort of his mate, and the education of his children.

"Compare them, and you will ſee if it be not more to our ſatisfaction and advantage to do good, and to diſcharge our duties, than to give ourſelves up to vice.

"What

"What enjoyment is fweeter than that which a dutiful fon experiences, who repays his father and mother in their old age, the cares which he has received from them in his infancy?

"Whoever is wanting in the regard and reſpect which he owes to the authors of his days, can neither be a good father, good husband, nor good friend, and ought to be for ever rejected from the heart of ſociety.

"What ſight is more grateful than that of a family really united, where the husband's induſtry and the wife's economy maintain a comfortable ſubſiſtence?

"The children, far from being a burden, bind ſtill faſter the bands of their parents affections; and joining to the ſentiments which unite them, the happineſs of loving each other, they experience every day, without going from home, enjoyments and pleaſures ſuch as married people unſuitably matched are obliged to ſeek abroad, without being able to find them.

"To conclude, the wicked are afraid of death, the egotiſt is regretted by nobody, and every one is glad to hear of the death of a bad perſon.

"What a difference between the manner in which theſe deſpicable beings deſcend to the tomb,

tomb, and that of the good man's leaving this life!

"Full of confidence in the mercies of a remunerating God, compoſed in the midſt of his ſufferings, and on the point of finiſhing his career, the upright man, attended by his friends, ſurrounded by every one of his family, regretted by worthy people, wept for by the poor, and leaving after him the example of his virtues, goes to join the Eternal in peace.

"But, my dear Henry, before we part, I will give you a poem I have in my pocket, that is written by a young perſon, not much older than yourſelf, and who felt what ſhe wrote.

"Do not fail to let your ſiſter have a copy of it before you leave her; as being written by a female, it will be the more congenial to her feelings."

So ſaying, Polemon drew from his pocket, a pocket-book, and, opening it, preſented the poem to Henry, adding, "Preſerve it carefully for the ſake of one who loves you, and who feels the tendereſt anxiety for your happineſs. When we ſhall be far diſtant, and I ſhall no longer have it in my power to give you the advice that your youth and inexperience require, it will ſpeak my ſentiments, and ſometimes remind you of the paſtor of Hawthorn-Vale."

GOOD

GOOD FRIDAY.

Thrice hail, bleſt morn! whereon the Man of Grief
Sank to the grave, to purchaſe our relief;
With meek ſubmiſſion bow'd his head, and died,
To ſnatch us from the gulf of ſin, of pride.
On bended knee I praiſe thy mercy here,
While gratitude ſends forth the heart-felt tear:
The humbleſt of thy children's thanks ariſe,
And guardian angels waft them to the ſkies.
I know that my Redeemer lives above;
I feel a wondrous portion of his love.
O ſtrong bleſt! I feel that he is mine,
And feel, dear Lord, that I, poor sheep! am thine.
With this aſſurance will I yield my breath;
With this aſſurance, where's the ſting of Death?
O Grave! thy utmoſt malice I defy;
A Chriſtian will I live—a Chriſtian die.
Happy, thrice happy, who in early youth,
Like me, reſign themſelves to Heaven and truth;
Nor wait till Death appears with iron rod,
Bearing a mandate in his hand from God:

O man-

O mandate dread! when ſin's account 's unmade,
No ſweet repentance has the reckoning paid.
An age, alas! an age of ſin is o'er,
Though blinded long, now blind, alas! no more.
O'erwhelm'd with pain, as from a dream they wake,
And horrors all their trembling pulſes ſhake:
Stung by the poiſonous ſting—the ſting of Death,
Who preſſes heavy on the ſhortening breath;
With leaden weight appals ſin's ſinking ſlave,
With ghaſtly look points to the opening grave,
Shrinking with terror, agoniz'd with pain—
"'Tis paſt," he cries, "I wake, alas! in vain;
Repentance comes too late; my guilty ſoul,
Alas! too long has bow'd to ſin's control;
No prayer this heart can raiſe—vain dreams of joy,
Ignoble, fleeting, all my peace deſtroy.
Fall on me, rocks; I wake no more to ſleep;
Theſe joyleſs eyes muſt burning waters weep.
Hide me, ye caverns, in your ſcaly womb;
Pity, ye deeps, and yield a ſea-green tomb;
Or ope your jaws, Leviathan; receive
A wretch who fears to die—who fears to live.
Pardon I dare not aſk, for mercy 's flown;
Too long neglected, now for ever gone.
O pangs of body! torments worſe of mind!
Where ſhalt thou, wretch, a place of refuge find?"

"Silence!"

"Silence!" cries Death, and shakes his iron rod;
"No more, vain wretch! thou art unheard by God;"
Then grimly smiling, claims him as his prey;
He groans—he dies—his spirit flits away.
Tremendous picture! yet too oft how true!
The bad man dreads to bid this world adieu.
No friend in Heaven, where's then the hope of peace,
When life's last breath shall all its flatterings cease?
When the poor heart shall palpitate no more,
And all the pleasures of this world be o'er?
O then, my Lord! without thee for a friend,
Who shall his griefs allay, his sorrows end?
No intercessor gain'd to mediate
'Tween God and man; O! what must be his fate?
But go, sad portrait, cease to dim my sight;
I'll turn to one replete with soft delight;
Replete with every sweet that yields a charm;
Replete with all that can this bosom warm.
I turn to view the Lamb who shed his blood;
Who died, for me, to purchase every good:
Became a ransom for a sinner poor,
And bids me welcome at Heaven's lofty door.
I come, my Maker, Father, God, and Friend!
To live in bliss with thee, time without end:

To

To ſee my dear Redeemer face to face,
To take at his right hand my promis'd place;
To change a world of ſorrow, grief, and pain,
For one where life eternal I ſhall gain;
And joys eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Prepar'd for them alone, who love the Lord.
Bleſt days of infancy! let me call o'er;
For even then I would my God adore:
For even then I rais'd a liſping prayer,
That he would make a little child his care;
That he would guide my ſteps in virtue's road,
And make an infant pleaſing to her God.
Sweet condeſcenſion! he the prayer approv'd,
And deign'd to guide the little one he lov'd.
On this dear morn he firſt unloos'd her tongue,
That tongue which often ſince his praiſe has ſung.
On this dear morn, ere ſcarce ten moons had told
That the ſweet babe was yet but ten months old;
Auſpicious morn! at peep of opening day
He bade her tongue firſt raiſe the liſping lay.
And now my Father, beſt of friends, and more,
Shall I not now thy wondrous love adore?
O yes! to thee, the grateful notes belong;
For thee I'll ſwell the ſimple heart-felt ſong.
For thou haſt led thy little helpleſs child,
Haſt made her humble, gentle, meek, and mild;

Taught her to walk in virtue's heavenly road,
Taught her to look for happineſs to God.
Yes, thou haſt ſav'd her from each fatal ſnare;
Yes, thou haſt made her thy peculiar care;
Haſt rais'd her up from infancy to youth,
The child of heaven, religion, virtue, truth:
And now in prime of life, to thee ſhe bends,
Thou beſt of parents, and thou beſt of friends!
Although affliction fill this penſive breaſt,
Which worldly ſorrows have ſo long oppreſt;
Which almoſt break this heart with weight of grief,
For the wide world for me boaſts no relief;
No ſoothing balſam for corroſive ſmart,
No powerful balm to heal a breaking heart:
Yet even here I view his gracious hand,
Yet even here I trace his mercy bland;
For had I never diſappointment known,
Great God! perhaps I 'd lov'd this world alone;
Fill'd with its pleaſures, I might have forgot
Here to remain is not a mortal's lot.
But ſorrow bade me ſeek a new abode,
For long, alas! I trod grief's thorny road;
For long, alas! I bent beneath the weight
Of dire oppreſſion; rigid ſtroke of fate!
I fought, nor fought in vain; for ſoon I found
That real pleaſure claim'd a higher ground;

That

That Peace had fix'd her lofty manſion bright,
Above the cloudleſs ſky, in realms of light;
Which my great Maker with his preſence
grac'd;
At whoſe right hand his only Son was plac'd.
Aſham'd, I look'd; for what 's my grief and pain
To his who died, for me, new life to gain?
"Great God!" I cried, "how dare a worm
repine?
What have I felt compar'd with pangs like
thine?
Shall I refuſe the bitter cup to ſip,
That has been rais'd to my Redeemer's lip;
And by impatience hurl it to the ground,
Double my woes, myſelf inflict the wound?
Shall I forget the very dregs he drank,
Nor fail'd, e'en then, his gracious God to thank?
Shall ſuch a worm as I am, dare complain,
When Jeſus Chriſt was on Mount Calvary ſlain;
And on this very morn reſign'd his breath,
To ſave loſt ſinners from eternal death?
"O no:—great God! my errors paſt, forgive,
My ſins, my faults; to thee anew I 'll live,
To thee alone I 'll live, to thee I 'll die;
And bleſs thee with my laſt departing ſigh.
A little while, I turn to native duſt;
But ſoon I riſe to join in Heaven thy juſt:
The only arm that has the power to ſave,
The Almighty arm will raiſe me from the grave.

Never canſt thou forget the adopted care
That would ſo long a father's fondneſs ſhare;
The helpleſs babe, the little child, the maid,
By thee ſupported with all-powerful aid;
The bloſſom rais'd and nurtur'd by thy love,
One day to bloom in richer ſoil above.
Conſoling thought! O yes; one day 't will bloom,
Thou wilt not let it wither in a tomb.
Thy highly favour'd flower on that bleſt day
Shall ſuck freſh ſweetneſs in life's garden gay,
In brighter hues than Heaven's rainbow, be dreſt,
Eternal life her crown, and Chriſt her joy and reſt."

Thus ſpoke Polemon, and ſetting forwards immediately to town with his young friend Henry, they arrived at Mr. Grenville's, where they were received with open arms.

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